

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY 1938.

'THE DELIGHTFUL FELLOW.'

EDWARD FITZGERALD AND FREDERICK SPALDING.

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It is well known from the published volumes of Edward FitzGerald's letters, and from other sources, that he had a few close illustrious friends, some of whom used to stay with him, such as both the Tennysons, Thackeray, E. B. Cowell, James Spedding, W. H. Thompson, Master of Trinity, W. B. Donne, William Airy, Archdeacon Groome, George Borrow, and George Crabbe, junior, and his son; while he was on intimate epistolary terms with Fanny Kemble, Charles Eliot Norton, Samuel Laurence, the artist, W. F. Pollock and Thomas Carlyle. We know also that among fellow-townsmen who were his intimates were Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet and head clerk in Alexander's Bank; Tom Churchyard, the lawyer, who painted like a good amateur and collected and extolled Constable and Crome; Loder the bookseller; and Berry the gunmaker, over whose shop on the Woodbridge Market-place FitzGerald lodged for several years, until the new Mrs. Berry made the place untenable. I personally know, too, for I had the story from her own lips, that little gay Ellen Churchyard was continually at FitzGerald's house, and that he was on close terms with various Suffolk gentry, such as the Biddells and Major Moor.

We are aware also how fond he was of 'Posh,' the nickname of Joseph Delly Fletcher, the captain of his boat and a

boat-owner and fisherman himself ; a steadfast, if sometimes too festive, companion, from whose lips many of the 'Sea-Phrases' were gathered, and who was the chief of several of FitzGerald's Lowestoft associates. As though Aldis Wright had neglected it in *Two Suffolk Friends*, Francis Hindes Groome emphasises FitzGerald's fondness for this maritime society ; but you will find not a little about the *Scandal* and the *Meum and Teum* in Wright's edition of the *Letters*, together with certain glimpses of 'Posh'—such as, to E. B. Cowell in 1869, 'You can't think what a grand, tender Soul this is, lodged in a suitable carcase,' and, when commissioning a portrait of 'Posh' by Samuel Laurence to hang next to his Thackeray and Tennyson, 'with whom he shares a certain grandeur of Soul and Body.'

We should, however, know much less of Lowestoft and 'Posh' and company, were it not for the diary of Frederick Spalding, a copy of which, through the kindness of the owner, Mr. Gerald Spalding, of Norwich, has been given to me by the Honorary Secretary of the Omar Khayyám Club, Mr. John Henderson. The diarist was a young Woodbridge corn-and-coal merchant to whom, at the outset of his business career, FitzGerald lent five hundred pounds (afterwards turned into a gift), and with whom he spent many a conversational and sometimes mildly convivial hour. Miss Spalding, who is still living, remembers that a supply of churchwarden pipes was kept at their house against FitzGerald's visits, and that her mother used to prepare the mouth-pieces with sealing-wax.

Frederick Spalding, whom she describes as an 'outdoor man,' with an exceptional knowledge of birds and wild flowers, was born in 1835, and thus was FitzGerald's junior by twenty-six years. Although a man of lively interests and a picture-lover, in general culture he may have been

somewhat far to seek, especially when we read FitzGerald's correspondence with, say, Cowell or Donne; but friendships are based on invisible sympathies, and that Spalding and the transfuser of Omar perfectly understood each other, entries in the Diary constantly indicate. In fact, FitzGerald, when giving Spalding his own school copy of Boswell's *Johnson*, wrote on the flyleaf, with a direct implication: 'He was pleased to say to me one morning when we were alone in his study, "Boswell, I am almost easier with you than with anybody."' "

Burne-Jones, writing to C. E. Norton, says something about the 'much' that FitzGerald gave his friends and the 'little he got from them'; but Spalding should not be included with those. In acquaintance with Spalding, as with 'Posh,' FitzGerald seems to have found a real refuge. Spalding was, in fact, good for him, as we say. The FitzGerald of the *Letters* is always a lonely, and too often an even forlorn, figure; but at Spalding's he was animated.

I might here interpolate a passage from that far from satisfactory book, which it is a mercy that its central figure could never see, the *Life of Edward FitzGerald*, by the late Thomas Wright of Olney. On the strength of possessing a certain number of FitzGerald's unpublished letters, access to other material (which did not, however, include Frederick Spalding's Diary), and having heard a great deal of gossip about FitzGerald, Mr. Wright felt himself predestined to perform his biographical task. Much of what he has to say in his two huge volumes is ill-digested and negligible: but now and then I find him illuminating. Thus, of Spalding, he wrote: 'His house; which was tiled, stood next to a slated house, at a short distance from Little Grange, and FitzGerald would often point to the roofs and remark how much pleasanter the tiled one looked. "Why," said he,

"will people have cold-looking slates instead of warm-looking red tiles? Better by far have the dear old mouse-coloured thatch." Spalding subsequently went into business on his own account, but in spite of very great help from FitzGerald was not successful. The truth is, his mind was with his natural history collections and curiosities, and not with his ledger. He was more interested in coins of Constantine the Great than pieces stamped with the head of Victoria. He would thank you more for a rare moth than for introducing a customer. "I was born," Spalding once lamented, "with tastes beyond my means." . . . What to do with Spalding was with FitzGerald a kind of Eastern Question.'

So far, Thomas Wright of Olney. To this I may add that as early as August 31, 1876, FitzGerald was writing to the other Wright, Aldis, his friend and editor: 'Mr. Spalding is still here, but I cannot learn that his Future is yet provided for. Meanwhile, he seems happy to talk of Coins, Celts, Birds, Eggs, Pictures, etc. If he could muster sufficient Capital he would do best in a Curiosity Shop; or (without Capital) as an Assistant, if not Chief, at some Museum. He has really accurate Knowledge, as well as real Taste and Liking, in such matters: and is moreover a very amiable and civilised Man.'

Later in this year, 1876, Spalding, having given up his Woodbridge business, moved to Hadleigh and afterwards to Cambridge; but it was not until 1885 that, posthumously, but probably through FitzGerald's influence, he was established. FitzGerald, writing again to Aldis Wright in 1882, had said, 'The only thing we really can do with the delightful fellow is to get him a place in some museum'; and, says the other Wright, Thomas of Olney, this came about. In 1885, 'Spalding got appointed curator of the Castle Museum

at Colchester, and there among Roman, Norman and Gothic ruins, in a charming old castle (built for him eight hundred years previous by some jolly old mail-clad baron), among coins, old pottery, metal curios, and fragments of armour, he lived a perfectly congenial life. The square man had got into the square hole. He was happy ever after.'

Mr. Wright further tells us that the book which FitzGerald gave to Spalding with Dr. Johnson's words in it was not *Boswell* but Miss Edgeworth's *Frank*; but this point needs clearing up.

Enough is said here to convince us that this shy and fastidious recluse had found another affinity; and indeed the total effect of the Diary and of the numerous letters to Spalding is to show how affectionate to those of his neighbours whom he liked FitzGerald could be. The ordinary impression, that he was inclined to an appearance of superiority or to a frigidity that may have discouraged his humbler acquaintances, is indeed wholly disproved, and the translator from the Persian is seen to be most humanly Suffolk. In fact 'affectionate' is the word, and we are continually reminded of Carlyle's description of him in a letter to C. E. Norton: 'the peaceable, affectionate and ultra-modest man.'

That Spalding was conscious of the honour paid him by FitzGerald, we learn again and again, but perhaps most of all from this passage on the day of FitzGerald's funeral: 'I have lost my dearest and best friend. I shall ever remember him with Respect, Love and Gratitude. I shall never know or meet his like upon earth, and I heartily thank God that I have known him well, and in a small measure been able to appreciate him.'

Since all students of FitzGerald possess *Two Suffolk Friends*, and since I am wishing this article to be new, I am quoting very little from that book, but now and then may occur a

passage from the letters to Spalding printed by Francis Hindes Groome, repeated here for the sake of stress. Thus, to Spalding from Lowestoft, 'I always feel at home here'; and again, 'Somehow I do believe the Seaside is more of my Element than elsewhere, and the old lodging life suits me best'; and again, of 'Posh's' entourage: 'Oh, these are the People who somehow interest me; and if I were not now too advanced on the Road to Forgetfulness, I should be sad that my own Life had been such a wretched Concern in comparison. But it's too late, even to lament now. . . .'

Before coming to the Diary, I should like to remark on the odd circumstance that the authorised edition of FitzGerald's correspondence, edited by Aldis Wright, wholly neglects the letters to Spalding. How and why this is so is a mystery; for Wright knew Spalding personally, and at Hindes Groome's disposal were placed by Spalding no fewer than seventy letters from FitzGerald which might, one would think, have come within Wright's purview. Some day there must, of course, be a new and completer edition. (Messrs. Macmillan, please copy.)

Of the seventy letters lent to Francis Hindes Groome, twenty-three which I have been permitted to see have recently been in the possession of Messrs. Maggs, the autograph-dealers. But where are the other forty-seven? One at any rate I know to be preserved in the Huntington Library at Pasadena; but are the others there too?

The years covered by the Diary are from 1863 to 1883, when FitzGerald died—suddenly, in his sleep, on a visit to George Crabbe, the grandson of the poet, at Merton Rectory; the letters now accessible begin with November 17, 1863, and continue almost to the end. In the first, FitzGerald adjures his young acquaintance, then twenty-eight: 'Pray come and see me and the Picture: you are really to believe

that I am always very glad to see you, and that you will never take me by surprise, enter when you will. I say this because you may perhaps have thought you *did* take me by surprise when last you came. But it was not you at all. I have a great respect for Mr. [illegible] quite as much as for you yourself : but one can scarce tell why one is naturally more at home with one Man than with another ; and there are very few now of whose coming I would not know beforehand.'

I begin with a further extract or so from the letters. On July 17, 1865, FitzGerald writes from 11, Marine Terrace, Lowestoft, with a reference to two of 'Posh's' allies : 'Yes, I sent Newson and Cooper home to the dinner : and supposing they would be maudlin on Saturday, gave them Sunday to repent on : and so have lost the only fine Days we have yet had for sailing. To-day is a dead Calm. *These are my Trials*, as a fine Gentleman said to Wesley, when his Servant put rather too many Coals on the Fire. . . .'
—This particular entry is interesting as telling us something about FitzGerald's taste in humorous stories : always an indicative thing. He had found the passage while reading Wesley's *Journal*, and he quoted it not only in his *Polonius*, but included it in a letter to the Master of Trinity in 1869. Here is the authorised version : 'A gentleman of large fortune, while we were seriously conversing, ordered a servant to throw some coals on the fire. A puff of smoke came out. He threw himself back in his chair, and cried out, "O Mr. Wesley, these are the crosses I meet with every day !"'

Another story to which FitzGerald was partial, told to him by Donne, was of Lord Chatham bowing so low to any bishop whom he met, that from behind you could see the peak of his nose between his legs.

From Lowestoft, on November 28th, 1866 : 'To-morrow is your busy Day ; but would you tell Mr. Jefferies to send the Thackeray Drawing properly papered up, and directed to *Herman Biddell, Esq.*, at Mr. Berry's. For I dare say he will enquire for it to-morrow. . . . There is a 2nd Vol. of *Herodotus* on the Table by the Bow-window of my *Chateau* which I wish you would send to Mr. Berry, who will pack it to me, I hope, with a little Butter, a *decanted Bottle of Port Wine*, and a small packet of that *Will's Bristol Bird's Eye Tobacco*, which he can get for me at Grog's.'

And now for the Diary.

'August 7th, 1866. With Mr. FitzGerald on board his Yacht the "Scandal" to see Lowestoft Regatta.

'April 28th, 1867. Mrs. P. FitzGerald—Mrs. O'Dowd in *Vanity Fair*. Mrs. Thackeray's Mother—Mrs. McKenzie in *The Newcomes*. Mr. Purcel—the good Uncle, the Gentleman visited by Thackeray in the *Irish Sketch Book*.' Whether all these statements are quite accurate, I cannot say. When writing to Donne in 1865, FitzGerald's own words concerning his sister-in-law and Mrs. O'Dowd, run thus : 'I read your letter yesterday while sitting out on a Bench with her [his sister-in-law] : a brave Woman of the O'Dowd sort. . . .

'September 5th, 1867. Mr. FitzGerald told me that their old servant Greathurst died the other day—the same who spilled the plate of Turtle soup over old Lord Rochford's Breeches at dinner at Bredfield House and was always quarrelling with the Italian Cook. He was found one day settling their differences by knocking the Cook's head against the iron pump handle in the court yard.

'Mr. F. remembers his Grandfather coming to Bredfield House shooting, and sending for him into his room before getting up of a morning—when he always smelt strongly of

the Hair powder then used—and having great pictures from the wall set at the bed's foot, and pointing out Napoleon, Marshal Ney, and the different coloured uniforms of the French Army (it was during the war).

'September 23rd, 1867. Mr. F. said of Mr. Cowell, who married his "Old Flame" Elizabeth Charlesworth, "I have met and known many learned and clever men, but Edward Cowell is the *greatest Scholar*." It was, of course, Professor Cowell who had incited FitzGerald to take up the study of Omar, and who, when the transfusion was complete, deplored its irreligion.

At Geldeston 'September 24th, 1867. We saw the very fine view from the Churchyard down the Orwell—with the pond below where Mr. F. remembered going in a Boat as a boy and reading *Redgauntlet*, then just come out.

'September 25th, 1867. Supped with Mr. FitzGerald off 2 doz. oysters and a bottle of Jn o' Groat's Scotch Ale. He played his (Minima) organ while I ate my supper, and told me he had once a good portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. I think gave Farrow five pounds for it? Laurence doubled it—but Maurice Moore damned *his judgment*, and went down on his knees to get a good sight and look at it. It was a portrait of Tom Potter—son of Archdeacon Potter who was Vicar of Lowestoft. Mr. F. thinks that Sir Joshua's Mother was a Potter, or that he was nearly related. Mr. F.'s Father had one of the best portraits, by Sir Joshua R., Mr. F. ever saw—of a Lady—not *very* handsome, good eyes and expression, but dress and all about it wonderfully painted. It was sold at the Bredfield House sale and Mr. F. has not been able to trace it. He gave his own to his Friend, Capt. William Brown, and *his* widow still has it.'

Where, I wonder, is it now? Spalding was being facetious about the ale. By John o' Groat he meant the Woodbridge

Boniface, John Grout, landlord of the Bull. According to Francis Hindes Groome, FitzGerald, whom Cowell described as 'no Sybarite,' used to warm Grout's Scotch ale until it 'just had a smile on it.' Every Christmas Grout sent him mince-pies and a jug of punch. Grout once said of Tennyson, who had been taken by FitzGerald to see him, that he might be a poet but he 'didn't fare to know much about hosses.'

The Diary again; and if anyone dares to use the word 'trivial' with regard to it, I should like to call him out. Nothing that has to do with FitzGerald is trivial: 'October 13th, 1867. To supper with Mr. FitzGerald. Revd. Wm. Airy told him that 40 years ago he went with his Brother (now Professor Airy) to see Wordsworth at his house at Rydal near Grasmere; that many people went to see Wordsworth's house and grounds, but W. generally kept out of the way, but sometimes stole amongst the servants and carriages to get a peep inside to see what books the company were carrying with them, or reading (perhaps expecting to see sometimes his own poems), but generally found some or one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

'Mr. F. never saw Wordsworth, but once met Southey walking very fast and reading as he walked.

'George Borrow. Mr. F. and Mowbray Donne were nearly the only friends that Borrow didn't quarrel with. They used to go to see B. at his house at Oulton, and he would row them on the Broad. B. married a Mrs. Clarke, who had some property, and when they were on the water she would ring the Lunch or Dinner Bell, to which he would not pay the slightest heed. As a young man his hair turned quite grey, he had very black bright eyes and a kind of weird look. At one time was very much amongst the gypsies, and they always looked on him as a kind of Brother. He was given to *Romance*, or exaggeration perhaps,

without hardly being conscious of it. He gave Mr. F. his "Romany Rye" who told him that part of it he didn't believe and *never could have happened*, quite expecting to be knocked down while telling him so.

'10 years ago when Mr. F. was living, or lodging, at Gorleston, Borrow was at Yarmouth and came to see Mr. F. Borrow drank strong Port and had a contempt for anyone who *could drink Sherry*. It was just at the time when Mr. F. was very unhappy, and this night drank a good deal of it, walked home with Borrow, and coming back, being very sleepy and tired, laid down on the grass by the roadside and fell asleep, not waking till 3 or 4 in the morning.

'Mr. F.'s Grandfather used to visit his Wife across St. James' Park about 4 times a year, a kind of visit of ceremony, and used to keep an Opera Dancer. Mr. F.'s Mother also used to go to see her Mother there, and called her Madam. He heard her once give his Mother a sound rating, saying, "My dear, you are a very fine Woman, but a *bad Mother*."

On October 20th, 1867, FitzGerald seems to have told Spalding a good deal about a famous local character named Turner, who was related to him. We have this passage: 'Jack Turner first made some money by a Lottery Ticket, and afterwards became very close and miserly. He would take Mr. FG. as a boy to Coutts' and Drummond's Banks, at each of which he had £30,000 laying *without paying Interest*, and was very proud of the attention shown him there by the Principals and Clerks, and desirous that others should see it.' As Turner left a large fortune without a proper will, it was divided among his kith and kin. 'Mr. F. was awarded £50, which sum, less £3 odd for expenses, was handed over to him, and being then short of money he paid Bills, etc., with it. Some time after some distant relations were found up, and by hard swearing, etc., they

made good their claim. The *whole* amount had to be *refunded*. Thus Mr. F. lost £3 and some shillings by the only Legacy he ever had.'

'Mr. F.'s Father and Mother once made him [Turner] give them and some friends a dinner. They had Salmon and Lamb, and on Mr. F., Senr., asking a Lady across the table to take some wine, Turner said "She has already had one glass."'

On October 20, 1867, the subject of absent-mindedness coming up, FitzGerald told Spalding that 'Mr. Gunn riding a pony and reading as he went along, the pony walked into a horse-pond and Mr. G. came to himself just as the water reached his knees. Mr. G.'s Father once went upstairs to dress for a late dinner party, and being a very long time they went to look for him and found him in bed.'—This incident may be common to those whose thoughts wander. At any rate it is told also of Mrs. Cornish of Eton.

'December 23rd, 1867. Mr. F. in speaking of Nelson's death said that it was quite untrue that Nelson wore his stars and decorations at Trafalgar, thus making himself an easy and conspicuous mark for the enemy, according to Southey, etc., and proved his assertion thus—Lord Seaford and Mr. F.'s Father were joint members for the Boro' of Seaford and Sir Thos. Hardy, Captain of the *Victory* at Trafalgar, used to stay with Lord S. and one day when dining with Lord S. at Mr. F.'s Father's he said that Nelson only wore a plain blue coat with a star or order sewed in coloured cloth on the breast, but it was true that Nelson said almost at the last "Kiss me, Hardy."—This, I trust, disposes of the wish of those who hold it was 'Kismet, Hardy,' that Nelson said.

'January 8th, 1868. My birthday—33 years old. Thank God! Emma being out, I went to sup with Mr. FitzGerald.' Whether the pious ejaculation refers to the grace

of Mr. Spalding's survival to be thirty-three, or to Mrs. Spalding's absence, we cannot be sure ; but we know that FitzGerald liked Mrs. Spalding. Among the unpublished letters are two to her, in one of which the old bachelor proves his thoughtfulness and kindliness by saying : ' I send you a very homely, but I hope not the more useless, Present : Calico and Flannel, of which I have heard it is good to have a little Store in a House. Such as it is, pray take it with the Good will I offer it with.' And in the other, ' I was about to send you a black silk Dress, such as I sent to my friend Miss Crabbe a year ago : having been told that such a Dress is about as useful a present as one can make in that way. But it has struck me that you may already have one such : or somewhat that serves the purpose as well : and that you might prefer something of Boys or Girls apparel—Serge, or Tweed, in place of it. Now, as I *had* bespoken the dress, you need feel no delicacy about choosing anything else you may please : and I beg you so to do.' I find also this very characteristic sentence in a letter to Mr. Spalding : ' But *make* Mrs. S. come, in spite of washing, Children and *General Obstinacy*.'

' *January 21st, 1868.* Mr. F. says it is worth learning French to read Montaigne, Spanish to read *Don Quixote* and Greek to read Sophocles.

' He told me when passing the Weeping Willow in the Alexanders' Garden and overhanging New Street that his Sister Mrs. *Vignati* gave it as a sprig to Lucy Barton, who raised it, and that it is either a sprig from one of those on Napoleon's grave at St. Helena, or a slip from a sprig taken thence.

' *February 23rd, 1868.* Mr. FG. " Old Lord Kensington told my Father that he had once spoken to an old Soldier who was at Chas. the First's execution."

'March 8th, 1868. That he once saw Moore—he went with Stephen Spring Rice to see Sam'l Rogers' Pictures, and on going in at the door a little man came tripping down the stairs, and out at the door, Rogers saying "There goes Moore—like a gay Butterfly, just alighting on me for a moment, then flying away to somebody else."—Stephen Spring Rice, of the Board of Customs, was one of FitzGerald's favourite friends: 'What a loyal kind heart it is,' he says in a letter to the Master of Trinity.

'March 17th, 1868. Mr. FitzGerald gave me the Bond for £500 he lent me on going into Business—and then burnt it—asking me to write to my Father and Mr. Cadge to tell them they were no longer liable for this amount on my account—Thank God for giving me such a friend—He has been all kindness and thought to and for me since the first day I knew him—why, I don't know, and I have *loved him*. I should if he had never given me a penny.' To this entry I may append, a little out of its place, the following: 'April 18th, 1868. To sup with Mr. FitzGerald alone—had Scotch ale and oysters. He said it would not be worth my taking him the interest (of the £500 principal he gave me); that £7. 10. half yearly made no difference to him, but might in my little Business and with my children; besides if he ever should *need* it, why then, I would give it to him.

'March 31st, 1868. Having spent March 31st of last year (1867) at Lowestoft with Mr. FitzGerald and with "Posh" Fletcher, drank his health from a bottle of Clarke's old, good Port from the "Suffolk," I went at night again to wish him, as he once said, as many Birthdays as will be good for him.'—On this birthday FitzGerald was fifty-nine.

The same entry: 'I like my evenings with Mr. FG. *alone*. I learn more, enjoy more. I am getting selfish about him, I expect. I like him to *myself* best. I feel so at home

with him, could ask him anything, could tell him anything. Yet wonder how I have got to that—wonder more how he can put up with me (so inferior in every respect to him), still more how he could make a Friend of me. It took *me* some time to feel *perfectly* easy with him, but I have loved and respected him all along—not for what he has done for me but for himself—and love and respect *must* make friends—fast friends—between either sex.'

The following entry needs a little annotation. According to Spalding, FitzGerald once recited to him the following lines of Prior, stating that they were unpublished :

*'Conscience is a well bred horse,
He'll stumble if you check his course,
But ride him with an easy rein
And rub him down with worldly gain,
He'll carry you through thick and thin,
Safe, though dirty, to your inn.'*

The actual words, however, of the first lines are :

*'For conscience, like a fiery horse,
Will stumble if you check his course,'*

and the speaker is supposed to be the Vicar of Bray. The whole poem, 'Dialogues of the Dead,' seems still to be unpublished ; but the passage repeated by FitzGerald is now in the Aldine edition. I wonder where he then found it.

Before we come to the next entry, I ought to say that, from chivalrous motives, FitzGerald had married, in 1856, Lucy Barton, the daughter of Bernard Barton, by whom he was left executor. The marriage, doomed to frustration, lasted only six months, when they decided to separate, but, as FitzGerald had wished, the financial side of it was assured. 'May 4th, Monday, 1868. Capt. William Brown on hearing of it [the marriage] said "My dr. Fitz, I would have kicked

you to the Land's End rather than this should have happened." He does not in the least excuse himself—but says he acted very wrongly, and for the worst, in not bearing and forbearing after carrying out his engagement and contract; speaks most highly of her, excuses her of any *design* in the matter, of her willingness to undergo anything, in the way of *self*, or great things, for him; but great People [at Hudson Gurney's], great sights, great praise, great anticipations, and great confidence in her own power and management, spoiled her.

'May 23rd, 1868. The best singer Mr. FG. remembers was *Catalani* whom he used to hear at the Opera when young—and he spoke of how enthusiastically the sailors cheered her when she went on board a Man of War at Plymouth, when, before leaving, she sang "Rule Britannia" on the Deck.'—It is odd to recall that a version of this incident was recently employed, with great effect, in a Hollywood film.

'September 10th, 1868. Walked through my garden and along the River Wall with Mr. FG. and Revd. Wm. Airy. Mr. A. asked me if I had seen in the day's paper who was the winner of the St. Leger. Mr. FG. said to him "You are a pretty *elderly* Divine to be so interested in Turf transactions.'"

We come next to a letter from FitzGerald to Spalding dated from Lowestoft, September 4th, 1869, asking for assistance. 'Well—winter will soon be here and no more Suffolk bowling greens. Once more I want you to help in finding me a lad, or boy, or lout, who will help me to get through the long winter nights—whether by cards or reading, now that my eyes are not so up to the mark as they were. I think they are a little better: which I attribute to the wearing of these hideous goggles, which keep out Sun,

Sea, Sand, &c. But I must not, if I could, tax them as I have done over books by lamplight till midnight. Do pray consider this for me and look about. I thought of a sharp lad—the son of Hayward the Broker—if he could read a little decently he would do. Really one has lived quite long enough.’ Who the new reader was, I cannot say, but I once knew, as I have described elsewhere, a riding-master in London who, as a boy at Woodbridge, had read Dickens to FitzGerald, but did not find him too easy an audience. Whoever the 1869 reader may have been, he did not last very long, for in the *Letters*, on February 22nd, 1872, we find this passage to Miss Anna Biddell: ‘I have lost the Boy who read to me so long and so profitably; and now have another; a much better Scholar, but not half so agreeable or amusing a Reader as his Predecessor. We go through Tichborne without missing a syllable, and, when Tichborne is not long enough, we take to *Lothair*, which has entertained me well.’

The Diary again. ‘October 23rd, 1869. Went to dinner at Gt. Bealings Rectory, and drove to Ipswich afterwards curiosity hunting. I only bought a nursery sketch by old Goodwin for 10/- which Mr. FitzGerald wished for, it being a back view of part of Bredfield House containing window of his bedroom when a boy.’

From a letter from Lowestoft dated September 8th, 1870: ‘Thursday. I had your letter last night; so I see that my last duly reached you. Thank you for yours. I want you to take some more trouble for me. *More Books*, viz. 4 small Vols. of *Montaigne* in the top shelf between the windows of my room at Mr. Berry’s, and a volume (bound or not, I forget) of miscellaneous *Essays* somewhere in one of the shelves by the windows in the adjoining room. The Vol. contains some Papers by *Spedding* and some on *English*

Hexameter Translations of Homer.—James Spedding was the editor of Bacon and FitzGerald's Cambridge friend, about whose high bald head he used to be so funny.

'April 6th, 1871. Heard from Mr. FG. He gave my Wife a new dress for Summer, which I fetched from Mr. Berry's and it gives good satisfaction.

'April 9th. Long walk with Posh and Mr. FG. Home to tea off Plover's eggs. Had a glass of grog at night with Posh.

'April 11th. To Ipswich and brought back the smaller portrait of Posh from Cades, for Mr. FitzGerald.

'April 14th, 1871. Mr. FitzGerald came back from Lowestoft and Mr. Aldis Wright, late Librarian and now Bursar of Trinity Coll. Cambridge, came for a visit. I met him at supper at night when we broached a bottle of the real old Trinity ale sent to Mr. FitzGerald by the Master of Trinity (Dr. Thompson).—Aldis Wright, who was to be the Editor of *FitzGerald's Letters and Literary Remains*, was then thirty-nine.

'March 23rd, 1872. Thackeray was at Cambridge (Trinity) one term with Mr. FitzGerald. He didn't stay long after and didn't take his degree. He used to sing "The Friar of Orders Grey." Tennyson did not sing but would personate Geo. IV well—turn up his collar, puff out his cheeks, etc. He would also well act the sun shining out and disappearing as behind a cloud—with his face, manner, and expression.

'April 28th, 1872. Mr. F. told me of two Irish tales in the book [probably by the Rev. W. Harness, the editor of Shakespeare]—one where the man had offended his Priest, who, on going to see him when ill, threatened to turn him into a mouse. On the Priest leaving, the poor man said to his Wife "I know it is all nonsense that his Riverence has been talking of doing, but still you may as well shut up the

cat." The other, when a woman had stolen her neighbour Mrs. Malooney's, Pig—and after Mrs. M.'s death the thief was taken ill and the Priest said "Now you are going to die, and what will you say at the great Court above when you see Mrs. Malooney and the Pig you stole?" "Will y'r Riverence be quite sure I'll see *the Pig*?" "Quite sure, they'll all be there against ye." "Then I'll say, 'Mrs. Malooney, Ma'am, I'm mighty glad to see ye here and to be able to return ye the Pig that I found and borrowed in y'r lifetime.'"

'May 19th, 1872. Whit Sunday. Met Sir F. Pollock at Mr. FitzGerald's—found them looking over a Book of Thackeray's scraps and drawings. After some good old Port Wine we walked about at the Chateau. Of Macaulay's History Sir F. P. said "The parts are very stupid *that are true*."'¹—This was Sir William Frederick Pollock, Queen's Remembrancer, who had been at Cambridge with FitzGerald and was now staying with him. Later, talking of Tennyson's place, he said that agents 'actually advertise places and houses as being within 1, 2, or 3 miles of the seat of the Poet Laureate. On Mr. FG. asking "What does old Alfred say to that?", Pollock replied, "He doesn't care so long as they keep out of his way and away from his place."

'When Judge Maule was on the Circuits and at Liverpool he had to condemn a prisoner to seven years' transportation. The man on leaving said "Good-bye, you may be in Hell before then." The Judge, being rather deaf, said to somebody sitting below him, "What did the Prisoner say?" "He said, asking your Lordship's pardon, that your Lordship

¹ The late Sir Frederick Pollock, when a copy of this entry was sent to him by Mr. Henderson, replied that his father could never have spoken in that way 'of [Macaulay] an eminent member of his own College.'

may be in Hell before that time." Judge Maule said quietly, "Well, we shall see!"

'Talking of Ely—Mr. FG. said it always felt to him a depressing, sleepy kind of Place, and Dean Merivale said "Yes, it is a place that wants good Port Wine—nobody could ever write a good book there."

'December 24th, 1872. E. FG. sent his usual 'Xmas brace of Pheasants to Brian Procter [Barry Cornwall] whom he used to go to see with Thackeray, now over 80 years old. Gave me the pencil sketch, by Thackeray, of his Friend Capt. Wm. Browne of Bedford.'—Procter, who would have endeared himself to FitzGerald by his memoir of Charles Lamb, lived on until 1874, when he was eighty-six.

'November 20th, 1873. To-night, at supper, speaking of *Hone's Every Day Book*, Mr. FitzGerald said "When a Lad, or rather more than a Lad, I sent some rather pretty verses to Hone, which were afterwards copied into the *Athenæum* of the time and ascribed to Charles Lamb. Lamb wrote to say he *did not write* them, he wished he had.'—The verses were those which begin :

"'Tis a sad sight
To see the year dying.'

'November 23rd, 1874. At night to a meat tea at Little Grange to meet Archdeacon Groome.'—This was the father of the author of *Two Suffolk Friends*, the first of those two friends being the Archdeacon himself.

'November 29th, 1874. Mr. FG. gave me a Pin bought in Edinboro' when he went to Abbotsford, "if I will wear it" !'

In a letter to Spalding, dated Woodbridge, December 23rd, 1876 : 'I do not think there is anything to be told of Woodbridge News : anyhow, I know of none : sometimes not

going into the street for days together. I have a new Reader—son of Fox & Binder—who is intelligent, enjoys something of what he reads, can laugh heartily, and does not mind being told not to read through his Nose : which I think is a common way in Woodbridge : perhaps in Suffolk.’

From another letter, dated ‘ Woodbridge, May 21st, 1877 : I don’t look into a newspaper since this Eastern business : nor wish to hear of it :—as it only worried me to no purpose.’—Sixty-one years ago, and still it persists, this Eastern business, in some form or another, and still we are worried to no purpose !

And so we come to the end, to Spalding’s account of FitzGerald’s funeral at Boulge on June 19th, 1883—at Boulge, although twice in the Diary is expressed FitzGerald’s spoken wish to be buried at Geldeston, next his sister. ‘ Tuesday at 3 p.m. walked to Boulge Churchyard to be present at the Burial of my dear Friend and Master, Edward FitzGerald—a small gathering of his old and loved Friends were there to see him laid in an earth grave and a plain oak coffin, at the West end of the Church between the Mausoleum, built by his brother John Purcell FitzGerald, and a spreading Yew tree. Many birds were singing in the Park Trees and everything was quiet, orderly, and solemn just as He would have wished it. . . . At the service and grave were Walter and Edmund Kerrich, Rev. G. Crabbe, Revd. E. Doughty (the three last his Executors), Archdeacon Groome, Mowbray Donne, Professor Edward Cowell, Aldis Wright, Capt. Brooke, Alfred Smith, Col. and Mr. Barlow, Herman Biddell, Dr. Jones, Geo. Moore, W. Arnott, F. Whisstock, etc., and two or three old Farmers who knew and respected him when he lived several years ago at Boulge Cottage close by the Park. . . .

‘ John Loder first introduced me to Mr. FitzGerald, I think

in 1861, one Sunday afternoon in the Elm Avenue by the Rope Walk at Woodbridge soon after I was made Secretary to my old Corps the 3rd Suffolk, and I have since known him very intimately, and had a love for him next to that for my Father. He was the most learned and clever man I ever met—knew seven languages— . . . [here follows a list of his College and later friends] yet was retiring, simple, hospitable, tender, charitable, and loving to those he cared to know.'

Spalding, I may add, became a Corporal in the Wilford or 3rd Suffolk Rifle Volunteers in 1860 and later a Lieutenant. He held his post as Curator of the Colchester Museum from 1885 until his resignation in 1892. One, at any rate, of his correspondents there was FitzGerald's friend, Charles Keene the artist. Spalding died at Colchester in 1902.

HUNGRY COYOTE.

BY RODNEY GALLOP.

MOST Englishmen, if asked to name three distinguished men of pre-Spanish Mexico, would no doubt think first of Montezuma. Next they might recall the luckless Cuauhtemoc who carried on the struggle against the Spaniards after his death. Then, unless they came fresh from their Prescott, they would probably be at a loss for a third name. Nevertheless, in the century before the Conquest, Mexico produced one who may be accounted the greatest figure in the history of Indian America—Netzahualcoyotl, 'Hungry Coyote,' King of Texcoco.

It is too often forgotten that the Aztecs were comparative new-comers to the Valley of Mexico and that on the arrival of the Spaniards their great lake-city of Tenochtitlan had only recently achieved its supremacy by a skilful policy of wars and alliances. Before the Aztec civilisation of Tenochtitlan the eternal snows of the great volcanoes had looked down upon the Toltec civilisation of Tula and the Acolhuan civilisation of Texcoco, this last built on the eastern shores of that lake where the Aztecs found their island home.

With the break-up of the Toltec Empire, the splendours of which may well have surpassed even those which so dazzled Cortes and his men, the Toltec clans moved southwards under the pressure of the Chichimecs, hunting tribes from the North who founded the Acolhuan dynasty in the twelfth century under King Xolotl. Dynasty and civilisa-

tion alike attained their apogee during the reign of Netzahualcoyotl, whose life-span covered the greater part of the fifteenth century.

'Hungry Coyote' (the name is derived from that of a religious fetish made of the skin of a coyote or prairie-dog) came to the throne of his fathers at a time of great stress and tribulation. The peace-loving kingdom of the Acolhuan was menaced by an upstart princeling called Tezozomocs, of Atzcapotzalco, who in about 1418 revolted against Hungry Coyote's father, King Ixtlilxochitl, 'Vanilla Face,' and murdered him before the eyes of his son who lay concealed in the branches of a tree.

'This prince,' writes the chronicler Clavijero of Vanilla Face, 'was endowed with great wit and with incomparable magnanimity and was more worthy than any other to occupy the throne of Acolhuacan. . . . If the cause of these disasters be investigated it will be found to be no other than the ambition of a prince. Would to God that the evil fruits of passion were less frequent and less violent! When no limit is set to those of a monarch or of a minister, they are enough to inundate the fields with human blood, to ruin cities, to destroy states and to upset the whole world.'

As a crowning indignity Tezozomoc gave Texcoco in fief to the Aztec King Quimalpopoca, and moved his capital to his own stronghold of Atzcapotzalco. Hungry Coyote was himself present in disguise at the ceremonies and was, with difficulty, dissuaded by his partisans from committing some rash act.

Thenceforward for many years he was a fugitive, never safe from the tyrant, yet never willing to depart far from his beloved Texcoco. He suffered the adventures and vicissitudes of a Bonnie Prince Charlie. On one occasion he was saved by a loyal retainer who took his place and paid

for his devotion with his life. On another occasion he was hidden by a girl beneath the sheathes of the green *chia* herb which she was reaping, while she coolly sent his pursuers off on a false trail. Yet again, he was nearly caught in the weavers' village of Cuautitlan and, until the coast was clear, lay concealed beneath a pile of aloe leaves used for making fibre.

Gradually, however, the situation changed. People began to murmur at Tezozomoc's cruelty and extortion. The tyrant himself was visited by strange and disturbing dreams in which Netzahualcoyotl in the form of an eagle was pecking out his heart and in the form of a lion was licking his body and sucking his blood. Summoning his three sons, he bade them find Hungry Coyote and slay him. Only a year later, in about 1422, he died, having named as his heir his son Tayatzin.

There then ensued one of those strange sequences of apparently motiveless actions so characteristic of ancient Aztec chronicle and legend, and so disconcerting to the historian imbued with a sense of consistency. Netzahualcoyotl attended the funeral of his father's murderer and his own sworn enemy and saluted those present with ceremonial gifts of flowers. He was allowed to go free. Meanwhile, Maxtlaton, Tayatzin's brother, and a far stronger character, assumed charge of public affairs. A conflict between them was inevitable. Tayatzin, it is said, schemed to kill Maxtlaton, but the latter got his blow in first at a banquet in the best Cinquecento style.

There now followed a split with Tenochtitlan. Maxtlaton offended Quimalpopoca by sending him (Heaven knows why) a present of a woman's dress and by ravishing one of his concubines. The dishonoured Aztec attempted to commit ritual suicide, but even this melancholy consolation was

denied him by Maxtlaton, who took him prisoner. He was, however, finally successful in hanging himself.

These odd events not unnaturally increased the discontent already bred by Maxtlaton's tyranny, and Netzahualcoyotl's hour was about to strike. Collecting big forces of partisans in the country round the volcanoes his first coup was the recapture of Texcoco, which he followed up with an alliance with Tenochtitlan. Itzcoatl had succeeded Quimalpopoca as King of the Aztecs, and his nephew Montezuma Ilhuicamina, who was to succeed him eleven years later, went on an embassy to Maxtlaton. Obtaining no satisfaction, he challenged him according to time-honoured Indian ritual. That is to say, he presented him with arms of a defensive character, anointed his head and crowned him with the plume headdress traditionally placed on the heads of the dead. The idea underlying this ceremony was presumably that the challenger regarded his foe as already among the departed. In this instance, at least, the notion was justified, for it was to Montezuma that the honour fell on the following day of killing Maxtlaton, scattering his army and making himself master of Atzacapotzalco. All this happened in the year 1425.

In the following year, 1426, Netzahualcoyotl was solemnly crowned King of the Acolhuans and Tepanecs. His youthful adventures and adversities were over, and from now onwards the qualities which he was to display were those which made Texcoco for half a century the Athens of Mexico and the King himself its Pericles and its Solon. Twentieth-century Europe has much to learn from this fifteenth-century Amerind who tempered justice with mercy and made the sword the servant, not the master, of the ploughshare and the pen.

His first measure was an amnesty extended even to those

who had been his worst enemies, for it was his conviction that 'a monarch might punish, but revenge was unworthy of him.' The organisation of a judicial system followed, and his laws were of such severity as to earn him from Prescott the title of 'the Draco rather than the Solon of Anahuac.' In respect for property he saw the foundation of all good government, and the theft of no more than four corncocks was enough to earn condign punishment. Another provision which strikes strangely upon modern ears was the death sentence for the heinous offence of falsifying historical truth. Nevertheless, his laws, however harsh, were administered with scrupulous justice. Judges were rewarded on a princely scale in order that they might be freed from the temptation of accepting bribes. Civil courts were kept distinct from criminal. No trial or lawsuit might last longer than four months. At the end of this period it was settled out of hand by an irrevocable decision of the King's Council.

Like other monarchs of history and fable, Hungry Coyote used to go about among his subjects in disguise and thus acquaint himself at first hand with the conditions in which they lived. On one occasion it is related that he heard a woodman who had brought a load of faggots to sell in the market square complaining that his lot was so hard, while the ruler of the people led a life of ease and luxury. Net-zahualcoyotl had his own way of dealing with this sort of thing. He summoned the now-trembling woodman to his audience chamber and explained to him how much heavier a burden were the cares of state than a bundle of faggots. Then, making the man a present of cloth and cocoa-beans, he dismissed him, saying: 'Go: with the little you have you will now be rich, while I, with all my wealth, shall always be poor.'

With the sense to realise that peace and orderly government were the only highroad to prosperity, Netzahualcoyotl gave every encouragement to commerce and industry. The wealth which came pouring into his coffers he expended on a great palace in Texcoco of which wonderful tales are told. Two hundred thousand men are said to have been employed in its building, and with its interminable halls and courtyards and council-chambers it measured some twelve hundred by nine hundred yards, a city in itself. 'These palaces,' wrote the chronicler, 'were of such admirable and marvellous construction, with such diversity of stones, that they did not appear to be the work of human artifice.'

More fascinating than all this pomp and splendour must have been the sylvan retreat which Hungry Coyote built for himself on the hill of Texcotzingo a few miles to the east of Texcoco on a low spur projecting from the Sierra Nevada. The site is an idyllic one, with the sun shining on the lake through ancient *ahuehuete* trees, overshadowed by the clouds gathered round Mount Tlaloc's crest. It must have been even more lovely when Netzahualcoyotl's aqueduct brought water from the hills, and shady trees grew on the steep slopes where all is now barren rock and maquis. In his terraced gardens Netzahualcoyotl cultivated countless flowers with sonorous Aztec names: *yoloxochitl*, 'flower of the heart'; *huitzitzixochitl*, 'humming-bird flower'; *tzompanxochitl*, 'the yellow rose of the tombs'; *oceloxochitl*, 'tiger-flower'; and *nocochpilxochitl*, 'flower which hangs from the ear.' Birds of every kind sang and sported in the aviaries. Those which could not be kept alive were modelled with all the craft of jeweller and goldsmith. Deer, hares and rabbits ran wild. The entrance was guarded by a huge couchant lion, carved in porphyry, crowned with feathers

and gold-work and holding in its mouth a mask of the King. Out of the solid rock baths were hewn, filled with crystalline water which the bather entered by steps cut in the rock, and so brightly polished that they shone like mirrors.

Hungry Coyote saw not only to his own well-being. He left nothing undone to make life more pleasant and men more worthy of it. He put a stop to the wood-cutting which even then threatened to denude the slopes and destroy the fertility of Anahuac, and which, in Spanish times, completed this fell work. He even attempted to abolish human sacrifice, but finding this step to be too far in advance of his subjects' superstitions, he restored it, ordering, however, that no other victims should be sacrificed than prisoners of war.

To exalt men's minds above the common round Hungry Coyote created academies of poetry, music, history, painting and the art of divination. The Academy of Music, in particular, was the accepted arbiter of æsthetic taste. Against its canons none could offend with impunity. At its meetings poems were read and compositions played and sung, many of them by the King himself.

Texcoco's lore, its historical archives, paintings and literary manuscripts did not survive the fate which the Conquistadores saw fit to mete out to every manifestation of an alien, pagan culture. Many of them, no doubt, were destroyed in Archbishop Zumarraga's great bonfire which literally reduced a civilisation to cinders. Nevertheless, a handful of Netzahualcoyotl's poems, piously collected from the oral tradition soon after the Conquest by his descendant Fernando de Alba Ixtlilxochitl, survive, not in the original Aztec, but in the chronicler's Spanish translation. They reveal the King as a sensitive nature obsessed with the beauty and the mutability of all worldly things.

*'The fairest rose that blooms to-day
To-morrow may be dying.'*

That is the burthen of Netzahualcoyotl's poems alternating with the 'vanity of vanities' and the graver note of Ecclesiasticus.

'How melancholy a thing it is,' he wrote in a poem about the tyrant Tezozomoc, 'to consider the prosperity attained by that monarch who, full of greed and ambition, grew tall like the willow, and tyrannized the humble and the weak. Meadows and flowers Spring offered unto him while he could still take pleasure in them. Then at last, rotten and dry, the hurricane of death swept by and tore him up by the roots, so that he fell to the ground in pieces. . . . Wherefore take pleasure now in the beauty and abundance of the verdant summer with the song of twittering birds. Let butterflies suck honey from the fragrant flowers. . . . All things mortal are like nosegays which are passed from hand to hand until they fade and die. . . .'

Again, after passing in review the glories of his ancestral dynasty, he exclaims :

'Oh that those who to-day are linked to us by the chains of love in the treasure-house of friendship might never see the sharply severing file of death ! For there is no good thing so sure that the future will not change it.'

The poem of which this is the concluding verse may have been inspired by his Queen, a Princess of Tacuba, whom he wedded in 1436, and who bore him the heir, Nezahualpilli, who succeeded him on his death in 1470. It was probably the pomp and splendour of his wedding which prompted the most memorable of his poems, in which, once more, the willow serves him as a symbol :

'The vanities of this world are like the green willow-tree. However much it may aspire to eternity, an unex-

pected fire will consume it at the last, a sharp axe will fell it, a blizzard will bring it to the ground, or old age and decrepitude will make it weak and sorrowful. The scarlet robes of kingship are like the colours of the rose which last but a day while the sap yet rises in the heart of the blossom. The gentlest ray of Tonatiuh the Sun is enough to make them fade and wither. Brief is the reign of flowers. Those which at dawn proudly display their power and glory bewail at dusk their lost splendour, their faces inclined towards insensience and decay, towards death and the tomb.

'All worldly things have their appointed term and at the very height of their joyous career, in all their vanity and splendour, their strength fails and they perish and are engulfed. The whole round earth is nought but a sepulchre. Nothing it nourishes but shall be hidden and entombed within it. Rivers and streams, springs and fountains flow unceasingly, but none return to their sparkling source. They hasten feverishly to the vast dominions of Tlaloc. The deeper they flow in their courses, the more deeply do they hollow out the funeral urns of their interment. That which was yesterday is to-day no more, nor shall the things of to-day exist to-morrow.

'The vaults are full of pestilential dust which was once the living bones, the flesh and blood of men who sat on thrones and daises, presided over councils, led armies, conquered provinces, possessed treasures and flattered themselves with majesty and splendour, with fortune, power and admiration. Such glories pass like the awful vapours which rise from the gaping jaws of Popocatepetl. No memorial do they leave of their existence but the rough parchments of their chronicles. . . .

The vanity of power, the transitoriness of all beauty inevitably turned the poet's thoughts to eternity and infinity, and in one of his poems he writes :

'And I said : In truth there is no good place here on earth : in truth elsewhere is happiness. What end does

this world serve? Verily, there is another life beyond. Oh, that I might go thither! There the birds sing. There I may learn to know the good flowers, the sweet flowers, those which alone bring the intoxication of peace and forgetfulness.'

Such thoughts led Netzahualcoyotl to the conviction that there must be a Supreme Being, the sole creator of all things.

'The gods which I adore,' Fernando makes him exclaim, 'are truly idols of stone which can neither speak nor feel. They cannot have made the beauty of the sky; the sun, the moon and the stars which embellish it and give light to the world; the rivers, streams and springs, the trees and plants which grace the earth, the men who possess it, and all things created. Some God, most powerful, hidden and unknown, is the creator of the universe. Only he can console me in my affliction and succour me in the great anguish which I feel in my heart.'

To this Unknown God, whom he called *Tloque in Nahuague*, the Being of all Things, he built a pyramid, crowned by a tower nine stories high, its topmost vault painted black and incrustated with golden stars to represent the firmament. No image of wood or stone was suffered to be worshipped therein. No blood sacrifice was offered to this unknown, invisible god, only flowers and copal incense. At stated times a gong or drum summoned the worshippers to prayer.

'Like the awful vapours which rise from the gaping jaws of Popocatepetl' the splendours of Netzahualcoyotl's empire have vanished, almost without trace. The Conquerors built the Cathedral and churches of Texcoco on the site of his temples and took the stones of his palaces for their dwellings.

Nature has been no kinder to Texcotzingo than man to Texcoco. More than once I have found my way there at

the end of the rains when a profusion of wild flowers blow where once Hungry Coyote walked in his gardens. On the lower slopes are the rose-gardens, the *tejacote* orchards and the *maguey* aloe fields of an Indian village. The higher slopes are given over to rocks, among which bloom pink cosmos, yellow broom, scarlet penstimmon and *simonillo*, giant stone-crop and *venenillo* with its miniature white blossoms like hoarfrost on a window-pane. Nothing stirred, save a tiny salamander scuttering among the rocks, freezing into immobility when he sensed my presence.

Traces of Netzahualcoyotl's pleasance still peer through the rocks and bushes : carved rocks and a flat terrace at the top of the hill, an oratory hewn deep into the hillside where the ruined aqueduct spans the neck of the promontory, a conduit girdling the hill and feeding the famous baths. I had imagined these baths to be spacious reservoirs in which Hungry Coyote and his courtiers and concubines swam and sported. They proved sadly disillusioning. Carved out of the solid rock, like the steps which lead down to them, they are mean and cramped. One indeed is no longer than a hip-bath ; the other, presided over by a weather-beaten stone frog, would scarcely allow the bather to lie full length.

Horrid doubts rose to my mind. Was this the scale of Netzahualcoyotl's vaunted grandeur ? Had his palaces been more than mean huts of sun-baked adobe, magnified out of all proportion by the imagination of his descendants ? Then I remembered the giant statue of the god Tlaloc, lying on its back near Coatlinchan a few miles away ; the massive walls of near-by Huexotla ; and old travellers' tales of vast cedar beams and lintel stones found among the ruins. Netzahualcoyotl's glory lived indeed and must not be measured to-day by a handful of ' pestilential dust.'

Mexico City.

BRANDY FOR THE BEES.

BY D. WILSON MACARTHUR.

HAROLD ANSTRUTHER had an adventure.

It was not, perhaps, what other people would have called an adventure ; but to Harold, very definitely an adventure.

It had all the ingredients—a beautiful young woman with a foreign accent, a glass of brandy, lunch for two . . . oh, yes, very much an adventure, for Harold.

Harold lived very quietly in the country. He was an amiable young man with no interest in anything but the country, and country things, and bees.

He was very clever with bees. He could do all sorts of things to them, and they appeared to like it. He wrote articles about bees. He was always writing a book about bees. It was a beautiful book, full of delightful fantasy and unusual ideas and felicitous turns of phrase, and he would rewrite a chapter a dozen times on the off-chance of improving merely a word here and there, or injecting some new whimsicality, or developing some new angle.

He loved his book, and no doubt he would be very, very sorry when it was finished, and he was robbed of his greatest pleasure in life, which was writing and rewriting the book.

He never worried very much about money.

Certainly, he had very little. Just enough to keep a few rooms in daily use, and pay the wages of his gardener and the gardener's wife, who ambled up from the lodge and made his breakfast, and flicked a duster here and there, and made his lunch, and washed the dishes, and made his dinner,

and went back home feeling that she had performed miracles of housecraft and that young Mr. Harold ought to be that grateful, the way she looked after him so well.

Young Mr. Harold was grateful, in a passive sort of way, because it seemed to him that Mrs. Plumridge really did wonders, and he was perfectly content to inhabit the gun-room, where he kept his guns, his fishing-rods, his farm catalogues, and his books, and his bedroom downstairs, where he kept his scanty wardrobe and was apt, if not watched, to keep his muddy Wellingtons and the riding-boots that Mrs. Plumridge cleaned and polished once a week when he went out riding on a borrowed mare.

Life, like this, could be very pleasant. It did not occur to young Mr. Harold that he was leading a very narrow, sequestered, and lonely life. He was perfectly happy—or almost perfectly happy. He had only one nagging little worry.

This was purely on account of the bees.

He was not at all distressed that the greater part of Rickley House was shut up, its furniture draped in melancholy dust-covers, its rooms seldom entered except when Mrs. Plumridge carried out what she called spring cleaning, and which consisted of opening up all the rooms, opening up all the windows, looking askance at all the dust-covers, and brushing accumulated dust off the top landing into the shaft of the broad staircase, and off the various steps, and finally sweeping what little reached the ground floor out through the front door, down the steps, and on to the drive.

He was not at all distressed that the twenty-one acres that still remained to Rickley House should produce only enough vegetables to supply the wants of three people, or that a neighbour's sheep grazed in the magnificent park, or that daisies rioted over the once lovely lawns.

True, he knew perfectly well how such grounds should be kept ; but he was by nature philosophical in such matters, and since he had been left the House without the funds to support it properly he could do no better for it than he did.

He only dimly resented his Aunt Sara.

He had never met his Aunt Sara.

It was like her, he thought, to drop out the final h. She was that sort of woman. She must be. His uncle, now deceased, had lived for some years abroad, and had married abroad, in the very last year of his life, and no doubt only some sort of family compunction still lingering in a mind befuddled by unwonted sunshine and far too cheap cognac had impelled him to leave even the House to his almost forgotten nephew.

The House, as such places go, was not large, and Harold's inheritance included only a small amount of invested capital and one farm of a hundred and eighty acres, in addition to the House and grounds.

The House, all the same, was definitely a mansion. It had an air ; and Harold, who had always been passionately attached to a country life, had by this time learned all about living on air ; so the five hundred pounds per annum that he had to hand over to his Aunt Sara, by the terms of his uncle's will, did not at first distress him.

It distressed him only because of the bees.

He had an idea that he could make his bees infinitely happier if only he could spend a little more money on them ; also he passionately wanted to get hold of some really excellent artist to paint a few portraits before it was too late. To the eye of ignorance, all queen bees are alike ; they are merely queen bees. To the eye of Harold Anstruther, each was easily distinguishable from all the others, and had you collected all the queen bees in England and put them into

a long, long row of small glass cases Harold could have walked along and unerringly picked out his own.

However, with the meagre pittance left after paying Aunt Sara her five hundred pounds each year, further expenditure was impossible, for Harold did not have the City mind. He could not make a profit on his bees. It seemed to him perfectly logical that if his bees earned a profit they were perfectly entitled to claim a dividend, and it was equally logical that the dividend should represent the total gross profit, without deduction for any labour he himself had expended.

Of course he won prizes with his honey. He also had to answer a considerable volume of correspondence directed at him because of his acknowledged importance among the bee-keeping fraternity.

He celebrated his victories modestly, as he had celebrated his sudden inheritance.

His uncle had quitted the shores of England in ignorance of an astonishing calamity, an oversight totally out of character. He had left, in the vast cobwebbed cellar of Rickley House, one solitary bottle of brandy that, overlarded by layers of dust, had escaped his roving eagle eye. It was such brandy as seldom falls to the lot of nephews who inherit country mansions from crapulous uncles. Harold had never, in all his life, tasted anything quite like it.

Mrs. Plumridge had served him dinner on the day of his installation. Roast chicken—one of her own chickens. And bread sauce. And potato crisps. And potatoes out of her own garden. But she had been apologetic.

‘Bain’t nothink for to drink, Mr. Harold,’ she had said. ‘Unless maybe I could send Plumridge there to the pub for a drop o’ bitter, or brown ale?’

'Anything you like, Mrs. Plumridge,' Harold had said, and the gardener's wife had recalled something.

'Of course, there'm a cellar, Mr. Harold. But your uncle, now, he wouldn't have left nothink *there*.'

Harold, out of curiosity, left the chicken for a moment and explored. Hence the brandy.

'But you'll have to get me some ale, too,' he said, returning in triumph. 'I can't drink this with chicken, can I?'

'Your uncle could drink that with anythink,' Mrs. Plumridge informed him, but ambled off to send her husband to the pub.

So Harold, having eaten his fill of chicken, and rhubarb tart, and biscuits and cheese—Mrs. Plumridge did not, be it noted, ever repeat this preliminary effort—treated himself to a glass of brandy, and even offered one to Mrs. Plumridge. She did not refuse. But she never got another.

At the first sip, Harold realised the true marvel of his discovery, and although Harold was the very reverse of being mean, he had a conscience, and he knew that it would be wicked, criminal, in fact, to allow nectar of this vintage to course unappreciated over the vitiated palate of a gardener's wife.

He brought it out, thereafter, only on state occasions. He kept it in a cupboard, securely locked away; and with it he celebrated the victories of his bees; until there remained only a very little left, and he reached the conclusion that since the happiest day in the lives of his bees would be the day on which Aunt Sara died, and the bees thus came into a legacy of five hundred pounds per annum, he should keep what was left against the special celebrations of that day.

He knew nothing at all about his Aunt Sara. He had never met her, and they had never corresponded, beyond

one letter each, formal and tentative. Harold had written to express his regret at his uncle's sudden death, and to offer any assistance he could render; Aunt Sara had written to thank him, and to point out that on such a meagre annuity she could not possibly afford the railway fare to England, and so she would stay where she was, and her lawyer could handle everything for her.

Thus affairs stood, when Harold had his adventure.

It was a glorious summer day, when the bees were particularly happy, and inclined to be just a little lazy, a fact which Harold had noted with indulgence. The garden—such of it as he and Plumridge together had managed to preserve—was a riot of colour and scent, and the vista of the park, kept closely cropped by his neighbour's sheep, was green and pleasant to the eyes.

Suddenly from the distant main road came the low hum of a car, and Harold, lounging in a hammock chair immersed in thought over a phrase in chapter nine of his book, and irritated slightly by the recollection that after lunch he must go, by 'bus, to the railway station at Chepping Siltcombe to collect some new bees, was brought to his feet in astonishment as the hum drew nearer, and the scrunch of tyres on gravel announced a car's approach up the long winding drive.

It came into sight, wavered a little, and then, performing a wide sweep, halted at the front steps.

It was a small car, by no means new, but good all the same, a car that had cost its first owner quite a sum of money, a car that was capable of considerable speed.

It held only one occupant at the moment, and Harold, walking somewhat unsteadily towards it—unsteadily, because his hat had fallen off and the sun had made him a trifle dizzy, lying in his chair immersed in thought—was still more

astonished to behold a vision emerge and advance a tentative step or two, with the beginning of a smile on her lips.

Very red lips, Harold noticed. He also noticed that the vision was lovely, and seemed young, and was exquisitely dressed. His standard of comparison—Mrs. Plumridge—was admittedly not exacting; but all the same, something informed his ignorance that here were clothes that had a genuine air, and here, as a corollary, a young woman with a genuine air.

She smiled more openly as he approached, and spoke.

‘Mr. Anstruther?’ It sounded very nearly Anstroother. Like that, it acquired a distinction. Harold had his first pleasant surprise.

He had others, in a rapid series.

‘You are the owner—no?’

Harold admitted the impeachment.

‘So delightful! So peaceful! Ah, this English countryside!’

She turned half-away from him, so that he could inspect the perfection of her profile, and she gazed with warm eyes of admiration upon the English countryside. Then she turned back and gazed upon Harold.

Her eyes were equally warm, and admiring.

‘How lucky you are!’ she whispered. ‘How lucky!’ And Harold told himself he really was, but not for the reason she meant.

‘I hope I am forgiven? I come, altogether a stranger, and I see this lovely place, and someone tells me it belongs to a Mr. Anstruther, and I—I come in. I cannot help myself. He is a very charming young gentleman, they tell me. He will be kind. He will not be annoyed. You are not annoyed, no?’

Harold, very much in the dark, professed his complete innocence of annoyance.

‘And perhaps you will let me peep inside the house, no?’

Harold came to his senses. He leapt forward, with sudden realisation of the duties of a host, and assured his visitor that he would be ravished with delight to let her peep into the house. And so they went indoors.

She went all over the house. She lifted dust-sheets and peeped at furniture. She was very dainty, very full of admiration and envy that was flattering, and she gave little cries of delight.

It seemed that she was interested in furniture. She had been told that Rickley House was crammed with valuable old furniture, really beautiful things—and it was true! She had seen for herself! How excited she was!

Certainly, Harold knew that the house was full of furniture, which he never used, since it was kept hidden under dust-sheets; but that the furniture could have any value—any realisable value, that is—would never have occurred to him. So he was quite flabbergasted when the lady asked if he would be willing to sell.

He was not—at the moment—for the simple reason that the idea was so extraordinarily novel. However, he was ready to reconsider. He was entirely charmed. He felt like saying: ‘Dear lady! If you like the furniture, take it—take it all! I shall be delighted!’ He did not say that, however, and suddenly the lady stepped into a shaft of gold-spangled sunshine, and Harold discovered with something of a shock that the melting eyes were hard underneath, and that the very beautiful face was quite cold, and that he was being subjected to a searching scrutiny.

It disturbed him. But she stepped again very quickly out of the betraying beam into the shadows, and he thought he

must have been the victim of an hallucination, for she was at once melting, and sweet, and sympathetic again ; and her voice was honey-soft.

He began to get excited. After all, it is not every day that a hermit is visited by a fairy princess. By Jove, he *would* give her the furniture—or anyway, such pieces as she wanted ; and he began peeping under dust-sheets with her, full of curiosity to see what it was she admired so much. He only demanded of chairs that they should be comfortable, of tables that they should be large, and of bureaux that their drawers should slide easily out and in, and lock properly.

Then quite suddenly the lady did something that really excited him.

They were back on the ground floor. He was about to show her the huge, sepulchrally draped drawing-room, and had opened the door, when he discovered that she was not following. He looked round. She was standing clutching the door jamb, with one hand pressed to her eyes.

‘The sun,’ she whispered, with a weary gesture. ‘And the light, the changes—sunshine and shade—my poor head——’

Then she fainted.

Harold caught her, in time to prevent her falling, and carried her, very clumsily, into the gunroom, and laid her on the old horse-hair sofa with the antimacassar. Then he looked round for something to revive her.

He gave her a tiny nip of his precious brandy ; and she revived, with quite astonishing rapidity.

‘That is,’ were her first words, whispered in surprise, ‘very good brandy.’

But of course she had to rest a while, and it was after lunch-time, and naturally she was faint because she always

ate such a light breakfast, so she must stay to lunch with him.

Mrs. Plumridge did her best. The lady revived completely, and became quite gay. They chatted, over lunch. She listened to the saga of the bees and was very melting and encouraging about them. She made Harold feel that he was really the only bee-keeper in the world, and that bee-keeping was the only thing that mattered in the world, and that no woman could ever resist a man who kept bees.

She heard all about Aunt Sara, and agreed that it was a shame, and declared they must drink to the time when the bees would come into their inheritance ; and it seemed natural that they should drink that toast in the old brandy.

By the time they came to Mrs. Plumridge's apology for coffee, Harold was quite incapable of realising the crime of letting anyone but himself drink it ; and he scarcely noticed that the bottle was very soon almost empty.

His visitor grew gayer still. She became communicative, in her turn. She told Harold that she was really quite poor, that the car was borrowed, that she had to make some money quickly ; and then she had a wonderful idea. If Harold would only let her sell his surplus furniture for him, then she could take a commission, just a little commission, and she might actually get nearly a hundred pounds for it, and her commission would be whole five pounds ! She became very excited at the prospect.

Harold thought this a wonderful scheme ; only he was quite firm that she must take ten per cent commission, because with ninety pounds he could do a lot for his bees. He too became excited at the prospect.

They had to cement the bargain, and the lady reached for the brandy bottle and filled her glass once more.

She emptied her glass. Harold emptied the bottle into

it. She emptied the glass again ; and after that she kissed Harold.

It seemed the logical thing to do.

This thrilled Harold. By now, he knew that he was in love. Never had he seen anyone so wonderful, so beautiful, so gay and charming and so clever. He had drunk very little brandy ; but it was very old brandy, and mellow. But it was the lady that went to his head.

He decided that they ought to kiss again. They did. After a time he let out a shout.

‘ My bees ! ’

The lady looked astonished.

‘ My bees in Chepping Siltcombe,’ he explained, answering her enquiring eyebrows. ‘ Got to go and collect them.’

She smiled. She smiled very beautifully, Harold thought, and he knew that here was a woman who would be kind to bees.

‘ My car,’ she said. ‘ I’ll drive you to Chepping Siltcombe. We’ll go in my car. Your bees shall ride in my car, not in a ’bus. And when I sell your furniture for you, and get a lot of money, perhaps they’ll never have to ride in a ’bus again.’

Harold thought that was a beautiful idea. He was more in love than ever.

So they went outside—queer how the sunlight sparkled, how a golden haze lay upon the countryside, and the song of birds was golden-toned !—and they got into her car, and she swung it round and headed down the drive, and out on to the country road.

Of course she should have the furniture. When they got to Chepping Siltcombe he would have a man come out and pack it all, and the lady could take it away with her and sell it, and bring him his ninety pounds. A great big

van, perhaps two vans, and the lady in the little car leading the way—such a procession !

The car was astonishingly fast. The swift motion reacted on Harold. He began to recover his senses. He had not really taken much of the brandy. He was intoxicated not by the brandy but by his visitor and his adventure. His visitor, on the other hand, was intoxicated by the brandy and not by her host.

It took Harold a little while to realise that. Of course it was very old brandy, it might quite easily go to your head. Then perhaps she did not love him after all. Perhaps it was only the brandy. His adventure began to seem very queer indeed, and he felt slightly foolish.

He felt more foolish still when he observed that the lady was driving with a cold recklessness, a sort of heady defiance, as if to say : I know how to drive. I'll show you ! Just watch me !

If anyone attempted to pass her on the road, which was narrow and hedge-bordered and winding, she would wait until he had drawn level, then her foot would come down on the accelerator, and she would remain level, and the next corner would flash towards them, and the other fellow, hooting impatiently, would try to pass, and not quite manage it, and eventually have to brake hard and fall back in order to get round the corner safely ; and she would laugh.

She took corners at speeds that made the little car rock and sway and bounce and slither on to the crown of the road, sometimes even over to the far side ; and she did not care. She laughed.

Harold began to get frightened ; and he also became completely sober. His adventure began to seem a very ridiculous thing. He looked again at his companion's profile, and now he saw that she was not young really, that

she was only beautiful in a cold, hard, calculating way, and that her eyes were like agate, and completely selfish. She would not be kind to bees.

He saw that he had been a fool, and had come perilously near to being a still greater fool. He began to doubt her story, all of it, and the astonishing thought occurred to him that she had some secret design on him. He was no longer in love.

Then his mind became occupied by the fact that his life was in danger.

Ahead lay a cross-road, and as the hedges flashed past he saw a sign: SLOW—MAJOR ROAD AHEAD.

He looked at the hedges. Lovely hedges, growing out of high banks, growing thick and leafy and cool quite eight feet high. He looked at the speedometer. Seventy-one miles an hour. He heard, vaguely, the bleat of a horn.

He only saw the other car for a flashing moment, and then he felt himself in the air, and afterwards he was lying on something soft, which proved to be an ambulance bunk, and his head felt very sore. He sat up, and looked at the other bunk, and gasped, because it was entirely covered by a sheet. It looked like a dust-sheet. He had the ridiculous notion that if he lifted a corner and peeped under he might see a Queen Anne table, or a bureau, or something.

What followed was more or less nightmare. He remembered the police. He remembered being examined by doctors, and pronounced miraculously whole and sound. He hadn't even any bones broken, he hadn't even got concussion, he was perfectly all right. But the lady had been killed outright.

He told his story. He had no idea who she was. He did not even know her name. She had called, had asked

to see the house, and had fainted because of the sun. Then she had stayed to lunch, and, yes, she had drunk a little brandy.

No, he did not think she was drunk. (But privately he knew that she must have been drunk, although he hadn't noticed it at first.) He was very sorry. He wanted to go home to his bees.

The County police in Chepping Siltcombe knew him quite well. They knew all about him. They were very nice and friendly, and they saw him on to a 'bus for Little Cadger's End, from which he walked the few miles to Rickley House.

He never remembered much about that, or Mrs. Plumridge barraging him with questions. He remembered only looking at the empty brandy bottle and thinking he must have been mad, because now he couldn't celebrate when the bees came into their inheritance.

He went to bed. He got up, feeling all right again, for dinner. Then the telephone bell rang.

He recognised the name of Winterbotham, of Winterbotham, Winterbotham, and Springrove, his late uncle's solicitors, in London.

'I say, Anstruther!' The Winterbotham who was speaking sounded very excited and upset. 'What on earth happened?'

'How do you mean?' Harold replied, bewildered, because he never had anything to do with the Winterbothams and Springrove. 'Oh, the accident? How on earth did you hear about that?'

'How on earth——! Naturally we heard about it,' Winterbotham snapped. 'When did you meet her? When did she call? Where were you going?'

'You mean—oh, the lady!'

'The lady!' The lawyer exploded into the mouthpiece, and made Harold jump.

'I suppose you know she's dead?'

Yes, Harold knew that.

'And from what they tell me, it's a miracle you escaped without a scratch! But you must have been wandering, man! Why didn't you tell the police who she was? They're in a perfect stew about that now. You gave them no end of trouble, by not telling them——'

'How on earth could I tell them?' Harold asked. That seemed to stump Mr. Winterbotham. At any rate, he had no more to say until the telephone pipped thrice. Then he recovered.

'My heavens,' he said, in an exasperated voice. 'Don't you see? What did she want with you?'

'My furniture, I think,' Harold said. 'She told me she could get nearly a hundred quid for it. It sounded good to me. She was to have five——'

'A hundred! Good God, you're a raving maniac! The stuff in Rickley House is worth a thousand—two thousand—every penny of it! You can thank your stars you did have that accident. Otherwise she'd have done you out of nearly two thousand pounds.'

'Oh, I say!' Harold bleated, distressed and shocked.

'But why on earth you pretended not to know who she was,' the lawyer went on, petulantly, and Harold interrupted.

'What on earth are you talking about now?' he demanded, his patience becoming exhausted.

'I'm talking about your Aunt Sara, of course,' Mr. Winterbotham snapped back, equally exhausted in his patience. 'She arrived in England yesterday, penniless—entirely penniless. She came to me. She has always been a nuisance to us. I could not do anything. The fellow she

was living with in the south of France had quarrelled with her, and kicked her out, and she had spent all of her year's allowance, and wanted an advance. Of course everybody knows what *she* was ! No one but a drunken old—no one but your uncle would ever have *married* her. So she came back to England to see what she could pick up, and she said she would go and see you, and maybe you'd help her. Evidently she didn't tell you who she was until she could look around a bit. Perhaps she thought you'd be suspicious. She knew the furniture was valuable. The old fo—her husband had told her. But——'

'My God !' exclaimed Harold, thoroughly enlightened now. 'My Aunt Sara ! Then—the bees can celebrate after all. And that brandy——'

He held his breath a moment. Then : 'Gosh !' he exploded.

The solicitor rang off. He was not a patient man, and he hated enigmas. But Harold did not care. He was already shaking the bottle for its last few drops ; and his eyes, gazing upon the inverted label, were full of awe.

THE LOST COLONY.

BY ROBERT E. BETTS.

I.

LAST year the State of North Carolina held a summer-long celebration commemorating the 350th anniversary of the founding of the second English colony in North America. This colony is known in history as 'The Lost Colony,' for its fate never has been definitely known.

With the reign of Elizabeth, the Renaissance in England reached its full height. This intellectual rebirth stimulated every phase of the nation's life. There came with this movement, perhaps the major characteristic of it, an immense vitality and curiosity. Francis Bacon announced, with youthful audacity, that he had taken 'all knowledge' to be his domain. Men were restless; visions of new lands were seen. Sir Francis Drake, Sir Richard Grenville, John Hawkins, and others were busily engaged in scuttling Spanish ships on the high seas and sacking Spanish ports in the New World. Acquisition of gold and commodities of value became an obsession to the Elizabethan seamen as a means of quick wealth.

There was one Englishman, however, who had a different vision. He was Sir Humphrey Gilbert. In addition to seeking a north-west passage to the East, Gilbert wanted to form English colonies in the New World in order to expand the sphere of his country's influence. Spain had looked upon the New World as something to exploit rather than as a possible home for settlers from the Old World. Pursuing his vision, Gilbert and his half-brother, Walter

Raleigh, were more than justified, for on its trail was found the limitless wealth of a colonial empire.

With the rise of Raleigh at court in 1582, Gilbert had the means to make one last attempt to found a colony in the New World. In 1578 the Queen had granted him a patent for the purpose of founding a colony in America; however, his ventures in this direction had not been successful. Accordingly, on June 11, 1583, a fleet of five ships sailed in quest of new land. Newfoundland was reached and annexed in the name of the Queen. Shortly thereafter, with a reduced fleet, Gilbert sailed southward in search of land in a more desirable climate. But luck continued to run against him, and in the autumn of that year he lost his life when his ship, the *Squirrel*, went down off the Azores.

At that time Spain was the predominant power in Europe. Her coffers overflowed with gold fresh from South America. Spain likewise was a Catholic country, England was Protestant, and relations between the two were rapidly nearing a break. Raleigh, a Protestant, viewed the coming conflict with Spain as one between Catholic and Protestant, King Philip against Queen Elizabeth. Moreover, he was well aware of the part Spanish ships had played in the failure of Gilbert to establish any colonies, and saw with clarity the need of a strong navy if the British were to be successful in a colonial enterprise. The year following Gilbert's death, his patent was renewed in Raleigh's name. One of the provisions set forth in the patent was that the colonists were to have the same privileges and rights as the inhabitants of the Mother Country.

Raleigh lost little time in sending out an expedition to seek a site for a settlement. The expedition was under the joint command of two English seamen, Captains Philip

Amadas and Arthur Barlow. It sailed April 27, 1584, with two ships. Simon Ferdinando, a native of Portugal, acted as pilot. The boats touched the North American coast on July 4. The island on which they landed lay between a long windswept barrier reef and a low luxuriantly wooded mainland. The island was about twelve miles long and two miles wide. It is now a part of North Carolina. In Barlow's reports of the voyage and discovery are seen the imaginative colourings of the age and its contagious enthusiasms. It was indeed a remarkable land 'so ful of grapes, as the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed them.'¹ There were great trees of every description in abundance. The fish, too, were there in wondrous forms and numbers. The Indians were a source of amazement to the English, and vice versa. An Englishman asked a native the name of the country, and the Indian, not knowing what was said, replied, 'Win-gan-da-coa,' that is, 'What fine clothes you wear!' The English thought this to be the name of the country. Members of the expedition were impressed with the fertility of the soil and thought the natives 'most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the Golden Age.'²

Great joy was expressed in London over the success of Amadas and Barlow. The land had been claimed in the name of the Queen, and Elizabeth named the territory Virginia in honour of herself. Two Indians, Manteo and Wanchese, were carried back to England, where they were received with much ado. Raleigh was knighted and was in higher favour with the Queen than ever before. Arrangements were made to send out the first colony to the new land. The fleet sailed in the spring of 1585 under the

¹ Hakluyt's *Voyages*.

² Hakluyt's *Voyages*.

command of Richard Grenville, who was a cousin of Raleigh's. Ralph Lane, recalled from service in Ireland, was made Governor of the colony.

A fort was erected on Roanoke Island, where Amadas and Barlow had spent most of their time the year before. The first of a series of blunders in their relations with the natives was committed by Grenville when a silver mug was stolen by some of the Indians; as a form of retaliation, he had the Indian village destroyed. Soon Grenville returned to England, promising to come back the following year with supplies for the 107 members of the colony.

Lane and his men explored the neighbouring territory and claimed it for England. They went as far north as the vicinity of Chesapeake Bay and eighty miles to the south of Roanoke Island. They also went inland up the Roanoke River. In the course of their explorations, they aroused the animosity of the Indians and brought on several skirmishes. Manteo and Wanchese, who had returned with the colonists, were divided in their allegiance: the former remained a friend, the latter became an enemy.

In spite of these difficulties, much was learned about the territory and Raleigh's judgment in sending a few men of high calibre and learning with Lane was sustained. Thomas Hariot, a mathematician and scientist of distinction, wrote a learned and useful report on the soil in Virginia and the plants which grew there; it was called *A Briefe and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia*. He was subsequently to be honoured by the French philosopher, Descartes, for his contributions to mathematics. Hariot introduced three famous plants to England: tobacco, maize, and the potato. He was especially enthusiastic about the virtues of smoking, which Sir Walter was soon to make fashionable, claiming that the Indians

'purged all gross humours from the head and stomach, opened all the pores and passages of the body, preserving it from obstructions or breaking them, whereby they notably preserved their health, and knew not many grievous diseases, wherewith we in England are often afflicted.'

An artist, John White, who was later to be in charge of the second colony, painted many pictures of Indian life which are now in the British Museum. Young Thomas Cavendish, who was later to circle the globe, obtained valuable experience bringing his boat from England after having been separated from the rest of the fleet by a storm.

Lane's men were beset with troubles. Food grew scarce, and they were faced with starvation. In June Drake stopped by to see the colonists while on his way home from one of his numerous pillaging expeditions. Grenville was long overdue with supplies, and Drake agreed to leave several boats with enough provisions to keep them in safety. But a storm arose and forced out to sea the ships with the provisions for the colonists. There was nothing else for Drake to do except to take Lane's men home with him. Meanwhile Raleigh had sent out a supply ship which arrived at Roanoke Island shortly after Drake's departure, and, as the colonists were gone, the ship returned to England. About two weeks after the arrival of the supply ship Grenville came with his fleet, bearing provisions and a few more settlers. He found no one at Roanoke, and, fearing to leave the island unoccupied lest England lose her newly claimed land, left fifteen men in charge of the fort.

In 1587 a second colony, with John White as Governor, was sent to Virginia. Lane's colony had had no women or children in it. Raleigh wisely corrected this condition in his second venture, for it was obvious that there could

be no successful colony without women and children. There were, all told, 89 men, 17 women, and 11 children in White's group.

The *Admiral*, a pinnace, and a fly-boat carried the colonists from Portsmouth on April 26, 1587, and they arrived at Hatteras, near Roanoke, on July 22. White went to get the men Grenville had left at the fort, but all that was found of that band was one skeleton. Acting on the advice of Lane, White intended to proceed northward to the Chesapeake Bay section to establish a colony where conditions were thought to be better for a settlement than they were at Roanoke Island. Simon Ferdinando, however, refused to pilot them thither, giving as his reason the lateness of the summer. So the colonists set to work repairing the old houses and erecting new ones on Roanoke Island.

On August 13 Manteo was baptised and made Lord of Roanoke. A few days later, August 18, the first English child was born in the New World to Ananias and Eleanor Dare; she was christened Virginia on the following Sunday. Eleanor Dare was the daughter of Governor White, and her husband was one of White's assistants. A man-child, the first English one born in America, arrived shortly after the birth of Virginia Dare. He was the son of Dionysus and Margery Harvie; his Christian name is unknown.

While these domestic events were taking place, the colonists decided that a member of the colony should return to England to see that supplies were sent and their interests looked after. Against his wishes the Governor was chosen to go, and on August 27 the ships sailed for England.

Upon White's return to England he found the country in a stir. The long-awaited struggle with Spain was drawing nearer and nearer. Every ship was being pressed into

service for the defence of the nation. Even so, Raleigh did not forget the colony, and he arranged for two small ships to carry supplies to them in April, 1588. They never arrived, however, for Spanish warships attacked them and forced their return. The dreaded Spanish Armada was bearing down upon England; no one had time to think further of the colonists on far-away Roanoke Island. The Armada was vanquished, and with it went Spain's power: henceforth the English were to dominate the seas. Two more years were to pass before White was able to sail for America, as a passenger, with three ships bound for the West Indies. The ships were permitted to sail only on condition that they stop at the settlement with supplies. On August 15, 1590, they arrived at Hatteras. The sea was rough, and they had difficulty in reaching Roanoke Island. But despite several unsuccessful attempts, White was insistent that they go, and on nearing the island they 'sounded with a trumpet Call, & afterwarde many familiar English tunes of songs, and called to them friendly.'¹ But there was no answer. They landed and found only the fort still standing. On a tree near the landing-place, with a piece of bark stripped off, were found three Roman letters, C R O. Another tree near the fort had carved on it the word 'Croatan.' Before the Governor had returned to England, he had arranged that, in event they left for another location, they were to carve on a tree the name of the place to which they were going; further, if they were in trouble, they were to make a cross near the word; no sign of a cross was found. White thought that they were safe at Croatan, to the south of Roanoke Island, where their friend Manteo was born.

White planned to go to Croatan, but a hard storm struck

¹ Hakluyt's *Voyages*.

the sound, and, after losing several anchors, the party continued on their voyage to the West Indies. It was their intention at the time to return in the spring to look for the colonists. These plans went awry, however, and they returned to England without stopping by Virginia. This was White's last journey to America. Altogether Raleigh sent out five expeditions to search for the settlers; the last one was under the command of Captain Samuel Mace in 1602. Raleigh spent £40,000 on his colonial ventures, a sum considerably greater than now.

Why did the colonies fail? Historians differ among themselves as to the reason. Indeed, their failure was due to a combination of causes rather than to any one specific cause. For one thing, it was the first colonial endeavour for the English people; they lacked experience in enterprises of this nature. Sir Walter was unable to come to North America to give the colonists the benefit of his personal leadership, as the Queen had need of his services in England. Then, too, the location of the settlement was not so fortunate. The coast off Hatteras, with its treacherous reefs and bars, has long been known as 'the graveyard of the Atlantic.' But perhaps the hardest handicap to overcome was the conflict with Spain, with the attendant difficulty of supplying provisions and reinforcements to the colony. Also the settlers, especially Lane's men, were more interested in seeking gold than they were in the establishment and development of an agricultural colony. But few at that period could be expected to share the vision of Gilbert, Raleigh, and Hariot. A score of years was to pass between the establishment of the last colony at Roanoke Island and the founding of the first permanent English settlement in America at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607.

II.

What became of the lost colony? Were they annihilated by the Indians? Or did they inter-marry with the natives of that region? Many explanations and hypotheses have been advanced, a few of which will be considered here.

It is to be noted at the outset that when White returned from England in search of his people no graves or skeletons were found. There is nothing to indicate in his report that he visited adjacent shores in search of them. What may have been an old Indian village has been found at Nags Head, on the reef across from Roanoke Island, at a point formerly occupied by one of the shifting sand-dunes for which that section is noted. Arrow-heads, uniform buttons, tomahawks, and fragments of china-ware and Indian pottery have been found in the sand at this spot. Unfortunately, no systematic excavation has ever been made of this site. A journalist of that locality, Mr. G. E. Dean, writes that there is a similar Indian mound in near-by Currituck County which likewise has never been examined by competent experts. It is possible that at some future date excavators may discover some new link with the lost colonists. It may be that the Indians went to the island and brought to their village the china-ware, uniforms, and weapons which had belonged to the colonists. Or, again, these objects may have been washed ashore as part of the strange store of the sea.

When the English first came to Jamestown in 1607, they were anxious to discover what had happened to White's people. Expeditions were sent out to look for them, but none of the colonists was ever seen. John Smith, in his *True Relation*, writes that some Indians had informed him of men dressed like Englishmen who lived in the territory between the Roanoke and Chowan rivers. Later the secre-

tary of the Jamestown colony, William Strachey, related a story in his *Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia* which was told him by Machumps, an intelligent Indian who often came to Jamestown. Machumps said that all the colonists, with the exception of four men, two boys, and a maid, had been murdered by Chief Powhatan about the time the new set of settlers arrived at Jamestown. Moreover, he related further that he had seen houses with stone walls, one floor above another, which the English had built. From the seven survivors of Powhatan's purge, it is assumed, came the tribe of Hatteras Indians. These accounts are obviously subject to much speculation. How reliable were the Indians and the tales they told? It is doubtful if Powhatan ever went that far south. He and his tribe lived on the James River, in the present locality of Richmond, Virginia, a long distance from Roanoke Island.

One of the earliest North Carolina historians, John Lawson, observes that the members of the Hatteras tribe had grey eyes and claimed white people as their ancestors. Lawson, who wrote his history in the early years of the eighteenth century, explored much of that section. When Amadas and Barlow first came to America in 1584 they saw Indian children with auburn hair; they were told that white men had come there years before as a result of a shipwreck and, after living there a short time, had departed in small boats in which they were lost at sea. This would indicate that there were mixed blooded Indians in that section before the arrival of the English. So it hardly follows, *per se*, that members of White's colony had gone to Hatteras and intermixed with the Indians, as there is at least one other way of accounting for the phenomena of grey eyes and brown hair among a few swarthy natives of that section.

The first intimation of a connection between the lost colonists and the Indians of Robeson County in North Carolina was made by Mr. Hamilton McMillan in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The Robeson County Indians said that they came from Roanoke in Virginia, that is, the Old Virginia of Elizabeth's reign. The major piece of evidence lay in the similarity of the family names of these Indians to those of the members of White's colony. It has been observed by a North Carolina historian and advocate of this theory, S. B. Weeks, that there were 95 different surnames in White's group of 117 members. Of these surnames 41, or more than 43 per cent., have been found among the Robeson County Indians; some of the names are Howe, Berry, Dare, Harvie, and so forth. Weeks traces the movements of the Croatans through a maze of history in summing up this theory :

'Smith and Strachey heard that the colonists of 1587 were still alive about 1607. They were then living on the peninsula of Dasamonguepeuk whence they travelled towards the region of the Chowan and Roanoke rivers. From this point they travelled towards the south-west, and settled on the upper waters of the Neuse. John Lederer heard of them in this direction in 1670 and remarked on their beards, which were never worn by full-blooded Indians. Rev. John Blair heard of them in 1704. John Lawson met some of the Croatan Indians about 1709, and was told that their ancestors were white men. White settlers came into the middle section of North Carolina as early as 1715, and found the ancestors of the present tribe of Croatan Indians tilling the soil, holding slaves, and speaking English. The Croatans of to-day claim descent from the lost colony. Their habits, disposition, and mental characteristics show traces both of savage and civilised ancestry. Their language is the English of three hundred years ago, and their names are in many cases the same as those borne by the original

colonists. No other theory of their origin has been advanced, and it is confidently believed that the one here proposed is logically and historically the best, supported as it is, both by external and internal evidence. If this theory is rejected, then the critic must explain in some other way the origin of a people which, after the lapse of three hundred years, show the characteristics, speak the language, and possess the family names of the second English colony planted in the western world.¹

The weakness of the foregoing is apparent inasmuch as one error at any one point in the chain would render the theory false, or would certainly cripple it considerably. Another historian, Captain S. A. Ashe, is not inclined to accept this theory and views it from a different angle :

'Because names borne by some of the colonists have been found among a mixed race in Robeson County, now called Croatans, an inference has been drawn that there was some connection between them. It is highly improbable that English names would have been preserved among a tribe of savages beyond the second generation, there being no communication except with other savages. If English names had existed among the Hatteras Indians in Lawson's time, he probably would have mentioned it as additional evidence corroborating his suggestion deduced from some of them having grey eyes, and from their valuing themselves on their affinity to the English. It is also to be observed that nowhere among the Indians were found houses or tilled land or other evidences of improvement on the customs and manners of the aborigines.'²

The legal status of the Robeson County Indians has been altered several times during the past century. In 1835 they were deprived of their franchise and were treated as 'free

¹ Weeks, Stephen B., *The Lost Colony of Roanoke*. New York : The Knickerbocker Press. 1891. (Reprinted from *Papers of the American Historical Association*, vol. v, pp. 439-80.)

² Ashe, Samuel A., *History of North Carolina*, vol. I. Greensboro, N.C. : Charles L. Van Noppen, Publisher. 1925.

persons of colour.' After the Civil War attempts were made to force these Indians to attend Negro schools; this they refused to do. Through the efforts of McMillan on their behalf, they were granted schools of their own in 1885 and were also recognised officially as Croatan Indians. In 1913, through another act of the General Assembly of North Carolina, they were designated as Cherokee Indians. To what tribe do these Indians belong? Dr. John R. Swanton, of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, has traced the various movements of the tribes of Indians found in Virginia and the Carolinas during the past 350 years and has reached these conclusions regarding the origin of the Robeson County Indians:

'Evidence that these people were connected with the Croatan is still less valid. Croatan was the name of an island and an Algonquian Indian town just north of Hatteras, to which the survivors of the Raleigh colony are supposed to have gone since, when White revisited the site of the colony on Roanoke Island in 1590, he found no trace of it except the name "Croatan" carved upon a tree. But, assuming that the colonists did remove to Croatan, there is not a bit of reason to suppose that either they or the Croatan Indians ever went farther inland.

'The evidence available thus seems to indicate that the Indians of Robeson County who have been called Croatan and Cherokee are descended mainly from certain Siouan tribes of which the most prominent were the Cheraw and Keyauwee. . . . Therefore, if the name of any one tribe is to be used in connection with this body of six or eight thousand people, that of the Cheraw would, in my opinion, be most appropriate. A more exact characterisation would be "Siouan Indians of Lumber River."¹

¹ Swanton, John R., *Probable Identity of the 'Croatan' Indians*. Washington: U.S. Department of the Interior. 1933. Mimeographed bulletin.

Weeks has noted that if the Indians of Robeson County are not descendants of the lost colonists, then they must be accounted for in some other way. Ashe suggests a possible origin :

'These Indians, whites, and negroes, calling themselves Croatans, were lawless when first mentioned in history about 1750, and continued to be so. They spoke English, but avoided other white people. About 1870 Henry Berry Lowry was leader of this gang of outlaws, and kept the country terrorised ; armed troops had to guard all trains passing through the forest where he lived. The ancestors of these whites were probably a part of the pirate crew of Bonet's, who escaped when he was captured on the Cape Fear, where he had his headquarters. These escaped pirates would naturally avoid white men, as if taken they would have been hanged ; and their descendants might well have inherited this fear with their lawless characters.'¹

There is another speculation which is interesting because of the possibilities it holds. The Spaniards were opposed to English colonisation in America. They had become a powerful nation through their holdings there and did not want a competitor. In 1564 a band of Huguenots settled in Florida. A short time after that the French Protestants were slaughtered by the Spaniards, who had settled in that region some years before. Simon Ferdinando was suspected by White of attempting to wreck the ships and hinder the colony as much as possible. Whether or not Ferdinando was in the service of Spain is an open question, but he was familiar with the North American coast and could easily have supplied to the Spanish authorities information concerning the colony. It is possible, judging by the relations between Spain and England at that time, that the colonists were removed to Spain, tried, jailed, or put to death.

¹ From a letter to the writer, August 22, 1937.

Again, it may be that the Spaniards incited the Indians to slay the English.

For the anniversary celebration held at Roanoke Island last summer Mr. Paul Green, the American playwright, wrote a pageant-drama, *The Lost Colony*. While engaged in a study of this period, he saw transcripts of some of the Spanish records in the Library of Congress at Washington. 'From the numerous mentions of Raleigh and references to his colony on Roanoke Island (which was called el Jacan),' Mr. Green wrote, 'I got the idea that a thorough search of these records would throw considerable light on that whole period of our civilisation.'¹ A careful sifting and study of the Spanish records of that time in the archives at Madrid might indeed pick Time's lock and clear the mystery of the fate of the long-lost colonists.

III.

Legend and folk-lore are inevitably the forerunners of literature. Primitive though it may be, folk-lore forms the basis on which literature is founded. It is not by accident, therefore, that the Indian has figured so prominently in American letters. In the epic poems of Henry W. Longfellow and in the poems of Philip Freneau, in the novels of Charles Brockden Brown, James Fenimore Cooper, and William Gilmore Simms, to mention only a few writers, the Red Man has found a lasting and by no means small place in the literature of the United States.

The oldest legend relating to the English in North America deals with the transformation of Virginia Dare into a white doe. After John White had left the colonists on Roanoke Island in 1587, the legend runs, the Indians, led by Wanchese, the treacherous warrior, killed all the members of

¹ From a letter to the writer, August 15, 1937.

the colony save Ananias and Eleanor Dare and their daughter Virginia. The elder Dares, broken and sick, soon died, and Virginia was adopted by the tribe. Her name was changed to Winona; whenever a relative died it was customary for the living to change their names lest the spirit of the dead return, recognise them by their old names, and do them a mischief. Winona lived with the Indians and eventually grew up. A young brave, Okisko by name, fell in love with her. Now the medicine man, or magician, the aged Chico, likewise was smitten by Winona's charms and changed her, with the aid of magic, into a white doe to prevent Okisko from marrying her.

The graceful young animal wandered over the island and grazed on the green grass. She would be seen here, then there, but none were able to capture her. Winona, or the white doe, was a charmed creature.

Meanwhile Okisko had learned from Wenando, a magician of another tribe, that the white doe was Winona, and the friendly magician, taking pity on him, gave the young lover a magic arrow which would restore Winona to her original form when pierced in the heart by this arrow. Now Wanchese had been one of the two Indians to cross the great waters to England, and while there he had been given an arrow made of silver. He knew the silver arrow would overcome the charm which shielded the animal. A hunt was formed to catch the white doe. It so happened one day, while the white doe peered out of a thicket near the water's edge, that Okisko and Wanchese saw her at the same moment. Carefully each took aim, and each sped his arrow with a different motive, straight for the heart of the white doe. She fell to the ground and was at once enveloped in a greyish mist by the angered gods of earth and sky. The mist cleared, and revealed the dead Winona,

or Virginia Dare. Both arrows had accomplished their purpose ; Okisko's magic arrow had restored the bewitched animal to her original form, while Wanchese's silver weapon had overcome the charm and killed her. Okisko buried her deep in the forest beneath a great pile of many-coloured autumn leaves. To this day it is considered a bad omen in that section to see a white doe.

There is another version of the same legend which has a different ending. The friendly magician explained to Okisko that only an arrow dipped in the magic fountain of Roanoke could restore Winona to her self again. Wanchese and Okisko saw the white doe jump into the clearing and both released their bows simultaneously. Immediately the white doe was transformed into Winona. Okisko rushed to her side, clasped her in his arms, and the expiring girl had only time to gasp her name, 'Virginia Dare,' and died. The magic fountain dried up, and in its stead a grape-vine grew, much to the marvel of all. Okisko took it as a sign from his lost Winona. At last it blossomed and bore fruit. The grapes were red and made red wine. Okisko thought that he was drinking Winona's blood, and he knew at last that he was united with her once more, that he could never lose her.

The Mother Scuppernong vine still grows on Roanoke Island. This aged plant may have been brought from the mainland and planted by Lane's men. It bore grapes with white skins and white pulps and made a white wine. Now there were other vines which produced grapes with red skins and red pulps from which a red wine was extracted. According to legend, this latter vine is attributed to the death of Virginia Dare by the silver arrow.

Lawson relates the story of a ghost ship which often appeared to the Croatan Indians on the coast. It was seen

coming towards land with all its white sails spread out to the wind. The Croatans called it Sir Walter Raleigh's ship, the one which brought the first colonists over.

Although confined in the Tower, Raleigh lived to see the beginning of his dream of empire take definite form at Jamestown. He sacrificed his fortune and finally his head for the furtherance of that dream; he in truth was the first of England's empire builders. As for the colonists themselves, it was they who brought here the English language which was to expand from Roanoke westward to the Pacific. Of their courage, of their faith, and of their sacrifice, one is reminded of Miranda's lines in *The Tempest* :

*How many goodly creatures are there here !
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
That has such people in it !*

Raleigh, North Carolina.

IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

*They step unthinkingly with boyish tread
Over cold stones that roof the pulseless dead ;
Beneath lie men, long since to dust returned,
Whose beating hearts with hope and valour burned,
Men who, once young as they, trod eager here—
Heedless of faction, unaware of fear—
Pause then, quick Youth, and ponder on the tomb,
Where men must lie forgotten in the gloom.
Death, through all Time, has never been defied,
But man's built works endure, man's words abide.*

DONALD ADAMI BAIN.

(Aged 15.)

ANDROCLES.

BY G. LACEY MAY.

I.

PETER JOHN BRYANCY was in that blessed stage which a happy day may chance to offer a favoured wight between his waking and uprising. Already the balmy sun of a May morning was flooding the bedroom. His wife was gently moving about in her dressing-room next door ; and there remained to him the joyous consciousness that breakfast was not until half-past nine, and that he would be the last member of the household to sit down to it.

Meanwhile his thoughts wandered between dreamland and reality. In the far distance breakfast cups clattered gently ; whilst a discreet—very discreet—fragrance of hot coffee and fried bacon began to steal into the offing. With closed eyes he could imagine himself stretched in that warm sunshine of the Alps which never melts the eternal snows, or even—a second Antony—borne by the Nile's smooth flood upon Cleopatra's gilded barge.

In one of those half-moments when the conscious defeated the subconscious and the fragrance of coffee was routing Cleopatra, he saw through half-closed lids, very near to him—so near that at first it seemed nearly as large as a hen—a tiny insect climbing painfully across the ridge of bedsheet opposite his nose. Concentrating his attention on the little beast, he found it to be one of those tiny spiders whose frail legs seem scarcely able to support their frailer bodies. It was clambering along the sheet in front of his face, from one

side of the bed to the other, in grim determination to do or die in this great adventure of its little span.

The concentration of mind demanded of Peter Bryancy for his stare at this little insect definitely woke him for rising and dressing. As he got out of bed, he carefully scooped the tiny spider into one of his hands, and carried it towards a window. 'Why, Peter,' cried his wife, entering the room, 'what are you carrying so carefully?' He showed her what it was, and explained that it seemed so frail and delicate a thing that he could not leave it to be crushed by one of their feet or by Harriet's carpet-sweeper. 'You are a queer old bird,' taunted his wife half-admiringly; 'how many men would trouble about a trifle like that?' And as she spoke, the spider slid (reluctantly, as it seemed, for it made last efforts to cling to the protecting fingers) from Peter's hand into the ivy below the window.

II.

Three months later Bryancy was down with acute pneumonia. Afterwards they told him that it took nine days to reach his crisis, but it seemed to him nine months packed with heat and weariness and shivering and suffocation and madness. During that period, apart from these physical sensations, he had travelled over the dome of the world, seen every land under the sun, crossed every star-lit space. No land had been too vast for him to traverse, no river too wide to swim, no canyon too deep to penetrate, no sea too boundless to sail, no mountain-peak too high to climb.

Not that he needed to travel far afield for his experiences. Often vast erections built themselves around his bedside. One night he found himself in the most immense of cathedrals, vaster than even a Yankee's dreams. Round about him towered columns, capitals, arches, aisles, mostly in the

Moorish style—unpeopled, unused, but glowing with Apocalyptic colours to charm the mind and thrill the imagination.

Another night he was surrounded by the vast tiers of a huge hardwareman's warehouse. Quite close to him on every side, at the head and foot and sides of his bed—so close that he could put out his hand from time to time to touch them—rose endless shelves of saucepans, kettles, pans. He was sorely puzzled to find them retreat when he tried to grasp them.

When the hardware stores vanished, their place was taken by thousands of human faces, mowing, gibbering, gesticulating—all silent, many cruel and obscene, most of them humorously sly and waggish. These visages bewildered him by their blinking and kaleidoscopic dancing.

Through these phantasies one feature was of constant recurrence. The brass knobs of the foot of his bedstead ran through all these pictures of his imagination. They seemed strangely out of place—irritatingly so—in the cathedral; it was more natural—though a little surprising—to find them among the pots and pans and the gibbering faces.

These visions, for the most part, were interesting rather than distressing. But there was an awful experience which recurred from time to time (in lucid intervals he found that this happened invariably between two and four in the morning), when he was seized by an unspeakable horror, when the essence of his whole being was being broken up, and he was sinking, sinking, into a hopeless abyss of loathsome and disintegrating nothingness. When he woke from this sensation, it reminded him of the opening lines of the *Dream of Gerontius*. Sometimes the horror took the form of an incessant wandering through endless passages which always ended up in the same cul-de-sac. After waking, he would

doze off again, knowing that he would be launched instanter into this same hopeless and bitter misery. And the terror lasted for some seconds after awaking—the wakening being always accomplished by some clever nurse (how on earth did she get into his room ?), who used to asked in a voice cool and quiet and apparently quite unshaken by the existence of such horrors, ‘Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Bryancy ?’ But why should she show such unspeakable cruelty as not to awake him earlier and so disperse his agony !

III.

On the ninth night of his illness, his fancies took quite another shape. It was this—everything had turned to water ! The heavens had broken up and poured down their floods ; the springs of the earth had welled up to meet them. Cataracts, waterfalls, inland floods, and sea-moving masses, raged and tore and swelled and clamoured. He had never—silly fellow !—quite believed in the story of the Deluge, on the ground that there could never be enough water to cover the whole earth. Why, here was enough for a thousand deluges !

It was curious to watch this cataclysm dispassionately, as an interested or disinterested outsider. He remembered Lucretius’ famous description of man’s helplessness, and he felt himself a little naked child on the shores of a boundless sea.

Suddenly the floods took shape, and their roaring ceased, as they became a vast river—a river flowing before him, quite close, full of peace and calm, and lit up with a radiancy which penetrated his innermost being. This river, unlike the floods, had intimately to do with himself ; wasn’t it something rather like the road of life ? Queer memories of his early childhood and of his mother (he had had a good

mother) mingled in the murmur of its smooth tide—even games and lessons and long-forgotten incidents. This went on for some time, with great comfort to his soul. Once he laughed aloud at a recollection of his boyish days. He saw once more an old plum-coloured hen, clucking about in his father's yard at home. He had always hated it ; and now he saw himself again hurl a stone and hit the offending bird upon the head, so that it dropped. Dead ! He buried it carefully in a little ditch, and covered its corpse with leaves. Then his tender conscience struck him, and he ran as fast as his little legs could carry him to tell the awful tale to his mother. She had always trained her children to confess their misdoings at once, and so escape the condign punishment otherwise sure to ensue. 'Never mind, dear,' this wise mother had said ; 'let us go and have a look.' So, hand-in-hand, they sallied into the yard ; and lo ! there was the hateful hen, recovered from her stunning, strutting about once more ! He could hardly tell which feeling had predominated in his mind—relief at such a happy ending, or regret that he had confessed a deed which after all would have escaped notice ! The vividness of the scene rung a laugh from him now. Then suddenly, in the midst of an extreme quiet, he heard two things said very softly, but very plainly : his wife's question, 'Is it all over, doctor ?' and the doctor's answer, 'I'm afraid so.'

IV.

Now at this point a curious thing happened to Peter Bryancy. The events here described had but a contingent sense of reality. Though real and with a body of their own, they savoured rather of the abstract than of the concrete, rather of the realities of dreamland or of the mind than of visual sight.

But that which came to him now was visual and concrete and made an urgent claim upon his attention. Whilst he was dwelling in a serene aloofness upon these strange words of his wife and doctor, he saw something vast bearing down upon him along the road. For the river had by now quite definitely become a great white road passing before his eyes—such a road as you see in Sussex, broad and strong to bear its harvest wains and droves of cattle. Along this road, from its extreme right, was lurching a monstrous animal. Monstrous not so much as to size (though he surmised it to have the bulk, say, of a large buffalo) as to its appearance. For though its height suggested a buffalo, it was unlike a buffalo or any other living creature. Could—during this endless illness of his—a new species have evolved on earth? That was incredible; yet what otherwise could be said of a beast as high as a bullock, but with no visible head, a body shaped like a huge warming-pan, and lengthy legs which tapered to earth in a tremulousness which betrayed the enormous strain of supporting even so tame a body?

Little by little, however, as Bryancy gazed, he became aware that he had altogether mistaken the size of this monstrosity. As it swayed along the road, painfully drawing nearer in its halting manner, it became curiously smaller; indeed, in a few seconds it had dwindled almost to nothing! The road itself was growing smaller; its surface was rolling up into convolutions not unlike those of the human brain, with broad rolls, divided by narrow crevices. And by the time that the beast had reached the middle of one of those white convolutions in the road exactly opposite Bryancy's eyes, it had become fairly clear to him that the road in question was the roll of the bedclothes near his chin, and the monstrous animal was a tiny spider which seemed somehow

strangely familiar to him, and which had halted exactly opposite his eyes.

His vision focussed this much sharply. All that surrounded this was still vague and misty, but through the mist he saw a figure kneeling by his bedside. Then he heard from a great distance a thin reedy voice (strange it should be so like his own !), which said, 'Is that you, Lucile?' 'Oh, darling Peter,' cried his wife with sob-broken voice, 'are you *really* feeling better?'

He fell at once into a very feeble but very healthy slumber. His wife hurried to the telephone to ring up the doctor with her astounding news. When she returned, she mechanically brushed off from the counterpane a meticulous spider which was resting opposite her husband's face.

V.

Dr. Hartwell was amazed at Mrs. Bryancy's telephone message, arriving, as it did, before he had been ten minutes from her house. Curious things happen in every doctor's experience; but not often does a patient revive five minutes after he has clearly died. Did such a contingency rank with matters physical or psychological or spiritual? Well, investigation might show, and even afford some clue to the problem which so persistently haunts a doctor's footsteps, as to where exactly lies the borderland betwixt bodily and spiritual.

He hurried off, and found his patient in a genuine sleep. 'You are a very fortunate woman, Mrs. Bryancy,' he said, 'it is nothing short of a miracle; to all appearances, your husband died just before I left you. Now with extreme care and good nursing, he ought to recover.'

During the five-minutes' drive home to his house the

doctor, a careful driver and the devoted father of children, nearly slew an indignant butcher's boy, who saved himself only by leaping at the nearest lamp-post as the doctor's car skimmed his hind-wheel; and he shattered the nerves of a young mother when by a margin of three inches he dodged the pram in which she was wheeling her first-born. But the doctor was not thinking of butcher-boys or babies. 'Now'—he was saying to himself—'what possible power in heaven and earth can have brought that fellow back?'

But Androcles' lion had no difficulty in guarding that little secret!

TO A MINIATURE.

*O sweet, grave face, of such rare loveliness,
 With lips soft-curving in a wistful smile,
 And eyes of grey, dream-haunted tenderness
 Seeming to ponder on the world awhile;
 O little face, so purely, fairly wrought,
 And fashioned with such wondrous artistry,
 What lesson could the world so soon have taught
 That formed that look of sweet austerity?
 Those lips were surely never meant to be
 So wistful in their smiling, nor those eyes
 To hold such sadness in their tenderness.
 Had I been guardian of their happiness
 I would have been more careful and more wise
 Than to let Sorrow make her home with thee.*

N. LANGTON.

THE BRONTËS IN IRELAND

BY MYRTLE JOHNSTON.

'We first saw a group of the Brontë brothers together. I think there were six of them, and they were marching in step across a field towards a level road. They were dressed alike in homespun and home-knitted garments that fitted them closely and showed up to perfection their large, lithe and muscular forms. . . . They appeared to be men of gigantic stature. They bounded lightly over all the fences that stood in their way, all springing from the ground and alighting together; and they continued to march in step without an apparent effort until they reached the public road, and then began in a business-like way to settle conditions in preparation for a serious contest. . . . They did not seem to notice us, or know that we were present, but proceeded with a match of hurling a large metal ball along the road. . . . Every ounce of elastic force in the great muscular frames was called into action and there was a profusion of strange, strong language that literally made our flesh to creep and our hair to stand on end. . . . We had never seen men like the Irish Brontës and we had never heard language like theirs. . . . Our interest, however, in the Brontës was shared by no one. They were then neither prophets nor heroes in their own country, and they were regarded with a kind of superstitious dread by their neighbours, rather than with interest or curiosity. . . . We learnt that the Brontës had a brother, a clergyman, in England, "a fine gentleman," then on a visit to them.'

Such is the description of the uncles of Charlotte and Emily Brontë in 1812, four years before Charlotte was born, given by an eye-witness to a certain Dr. William Wright.

The same witness and his brother, both boys at the time,

were led by their interest in these men, 'so different from the local gentry, farmers, flax-dressers, and such-like people who lived around them,' to hide in a glen where they were told the Brontës held family 'concerts' on sunny afternoons. They saw a sister spinning and a brother fiddling, while 'two of the sisters and the other brothers were whirling and spinning lightly over the grass.'

The girls, like their brothers, were tall, handsome and graceful in their homespun and red tippets.

Of these girls, Charlotte Brontë's aunts, another writes, who knew them personally,

'—all but the one that got married. The rest lived and died unmarried. They were fine stalwart good-looking women, with rather a masculine build and carriage. . . . They were not ordinary women. They were essentially women of character, and I think men were perhaps a little afraid of them.'

I make no apologies for drawing, or re-drawing, attention to Dr. Wright's book, recently stumbled upon at my favourite second-hand book-stall, which has given me some hours' entertainment. For all I know, it may hold an honoured place in Brontë literature, or it may be discredited and disowned. If it is familiar to a hundred Brontë students it may be unfamiliar to a hundred, as it was to me; and perhaps these will share my interest in a rather curious work.

At all events, it was this book—*The Brontës in Ireland*, published 1893—which Miss May Sinclair had in mind, I think, when she wrote (*The Three Brontës*):

'Tales are told of his (the Rev. Patrick Brontë's) father and his forefathers, peasants and peasant farmers of Ballynaskeagh in County Down. They seem to have been

notorious for their energy, eccentricity and imagination and a certain tendency to turbulence and excess.'

Dr. Wright sub-titles his book, 'Facts stranger than Fiction.' The title is deserved. But one thing is indubitable—Dr. Wright's own honesty and his sincere appreciation of the Haworth Brontës. He hits off Branwell in a neat phrase when he describes him in the eyes of his stalwart Uncle Jamie Brontë as 'too small and fantastic and a chatterer.' He sensibly points out, mindful of the censure of Patrick Brontë for planting his family within six feet of a churchyard and feeding them on potatoes, that a man brought up with ten brothers and sisters on potatoes and buttermilk in an Irish hovel, of which one of the two rooms was used as a corn-kiln, would scarcely boggle at a graveyard or, for that matter, at putting five little girls in one room, however small. To Patrick's brothers and sisters Haworth Parsonage would have seemed a thoroughly covetable residence.

Dr. Wright spent his youth in County Down at a time when

'the macadamising of the roads in the neighbourhood was practically a monopoly in the Brontë family. I remember the excellent carts and horses employed by the Brontës on the roads, and I also distinctly recollect that the names painted on the carts were spelled "Brontë," the pronunciation being "Brunty," never "Prunty," as has been alleged.'

If that is so, local pronunciation may easily have misled investigators.

Dr. Wright tells us that his first classical tutor, a Mr. McAllister, had known Patrick Brontë as a child and had heard Patrick's father, Hugh, grandfather of the novelists, narrate 'to a spell-bound audience' the history of his early

life. This history Dr. Wright, with *his* theory of the novels, jealously believes to have been the germ, not only of *Wuthering Heights*, but, apparently, of *Agnes Grey* and *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley* and *Villette*.

Mr. McAllister, as part of his teaching, used to tell his pupil Hugh Brontë's stories—with the remark that they were as worthy to be recorded as the wrath of Achilles. The pupil would thereupon record them. 'It thus happened that I wrote screeds of the Brontë novels before a line of them had ever been penned at Haworth.' A qualification claimed, surely, by no other Brontë historian.

The story, and stories, of their grandfather, Hugh, were related by Patrick Brontë to his daughters, who, Miss Nussey told Dr. Wright, 'sat in breathless silence, their prominent eyes starting out of their heads.' Miss Nussey's ignorance of the stories, and the Brontës' utter silence on their Irish family history and connections, is accounted for by the explanation :

'The Brontës were too proud to talk, even to their most intimate friends, of their Irish home, much less to expose the foibles of their immediate ancestors to phlegmatic English ears.'

A reason not inconsistent with Irish character in England.

Early in the eighteenth century the Brontës would appear to have been prosperous cattle-dealers living on their farm near Drogheda.

In the hold of a cattle-boat on which Charlotte Brontë's great-great-grandfather was returning from Liverpool with his wife, a derelict child was discovered. 'It was very young, very black, very dirty.' Mr. and Mrs. Brontë adopted it. This child, when a man and known as Welsh Brontë on account of his dark colouring—the Brontës were

all fair—is said to have murdered and robbed his benefactor. He certainly swindled the family out of their farm, reducing them to indigence, and tricked the youngest sister, Mary, into marriage with him. Obviously Welsh Brontë stands for Heathcliff, and also, more surprisingly, for the unpleasant Mrs. Reed in *Jane Eyre*. A description (sources not given) of his personal appearance when, dressed in his best, he approached his adopted family to bargain for Mary's hand, scarcely tallies with that of either of his prototypes :

'The upholstery must have been costly but the effect was ludicrous to those who had known the man all their lives. The sinister look was intensified by the smile of satisfaction that gave prominence at once to the cast in both eyes and to the jackal-like dentals.'

By this evil personage Hugh Brontë, grandfather of the novelists, was brought up on the shores of the Boyne, having been adopted from his own father. He was treated horribly. His only comfort was his uncle's dog—called Keeper. He escaped in his 'teens from his guardian and, after working at the lime-kilns at Mount Pleasant, and as a hired servant, he married the beautiful, but Catholic, Alice McClory ('the younger Catherine Linton'), who defied her family by turning Protestant for his sake.

Their home was a thatched, two-roomed cabin in Emdale, County Down. Here Patrick Brontë was born—eldest of five boys and five girls. Dr. Wright saw the cabin when it had fallen into ruin and was being used as a byre.

'A farmer's wife whose ancestors lived close to the Brontë house long before the Brontës were heard of in County Down, pointing to a spot in the corner of the byre opposite the window, said, "There is the very spot where the Rev. Patrick Brontë was born. . . . Numbers of great folk have asked me about his birthplace, but och ! how could I tell

them that any dacent man was ever born in such a place?" This feeling on the part of the neighbours,' adds Dr. Wright, 'will probably account for the fact that everything written thus far (1893) regarding Patrick Brontë's birthplace is wrong, neither the townland nor even the parish of his birth being correctly given.'

Hugh Brontë, a forceful, intelligent Irishman, prospered in his business of kiln-drying corn and of raising sod fences in the fields until he was able to remove his family to the comfortable farm at Ballynaskeagh which they occupied for the rest of their lives. The Brontës were among the first in the county to see the value of the new process of macadamising roads, and thus added substantially to their income. They quarried and broke their own stones.

As well as inspiring *Wuthering Heights*, Hugh Brontë is here claimed to have indirectly inspired the Irish patriot John Mitchell with his own advanced doctrine of tenants' rights. Hugh was half-illiterate, although he taught himself to read the Bible and is locally testified to have been a famed teller of tales. After his death two of his sons, Patrick's brothers, opened public-houses in the district,

'and from that moment,' says Dr. Wright, 'so far as I have been able to make out, the tide of the Brontë prosperity turned. . . . They ceased to work on the roads, and the hard-earned money slipped through their fingers, and the public-houses became the meeting-places for the fast and wild youth of the locality. . . . I remember both these pests in full force. They were much frequented by Orangemen who, when tired of playing "The Protestant Boys," used to slake their thirst and fire their hatred of the *Papishes* by drinking Brontë's whiskey. . . . It is interesting to remember that when the drinking habits of the country were at their height, the temperance reformation was begun in Great Britain by the best friend the Brontës had, the Rev. David McKee. It is of still greater interest to our present

investigation to know that Mr. McKee was moved to the action which has resulted in the great temperance reform by the Brontë public-houses at his door, and by the demoralisation they were creating.'

One of the brothers, William, was a United Irishman, and narrowly escaped being killed at the battle of Ballynahinch. Another, Jamie, was a shoemaker. His youngest sister, Alice, told Dr. Wright that Jamie once visited his brother at Haworth, and he reported that his niece Charlotte was 'terrible sharp and inquisitive.'

Patrick Brontë thought of becoming a blacksmith, decided for a weaver, and was later helped by his father's old employer to his position at Glascar school, where the pupils paid a penny a week each and a sod of turf. An abortive love affair with a red-haired pupil lost him his post of teacher at Glascar. Ineradicable odium attached to him, in a stronghold of Protestant bigotry, by the fact of his mother's having been a Catholic. Dr. Wright maintains it was this circumstance which drove Patrick to England.

'He would escape for ever from the cry of "Mongrel" and "Papish Pat" that every Protestant urchin shouted after him on account of his mother's maiden religion.'

(Note Charlotte's detestation of Catholicism.) This fact also did much to deepen the Brontës' prideful and curious isolation from their neighbours.

Alice Brontë told Dr. Wright that they had received from Haworth a presentation copy of *Jane Eyre*, and of each of the novels, and had instantly read 'Currer Bell' as 'Charlotte Brontë' before the reading public had even begun to ask questions. (Dr. Wright naïvely admits that he possesses evidence which contradicts this.) The Irish Brontës had never seen a novel. Their amusements were

cockfighting, dancing, shooting (at which Patrick had excelled) and 'ghost-baiting' in the Haunted Glen. If their niece was concealing her name it must be because there was something to be concealed. The third brother Hugh—called 'The Giant'—took *Jane Eyre*, wrapped in a red handkerchief, to the Rev. Mr. McKee at Ballynaskeagh manse, confessed, in a sepulchral whisper, his suspicion of the author and begged Mr. McKee as a favour to examine it.

Mr. McKee sat down with the first volume at once. At the end of some hours when the light had failed,

"'Hughey,'" he said, breaking the silence, 'the book bears the Brontë stamp on every sentence and idea and it's the grandest novel that has been produced in my time. . . . The child Jane Eyre is your father in petticoats, and Mrs. Reed is the wicked uncle by the Boyne.'"

Soon, according to Alice Brontë and Dr. Wright, the eulogistic reviews began pouring in. At Ballynaskeagh the Brontës did not contain their triumph and self-gratification. Their taciturnity vanished. So did their aloofness. As a matter of fact one *can* see them waylaying 'uninterested and unappreciative listeners' with 'scraps of praise cut from the Newry papers or supplied to them from English sources by Mr. McKee.'

The Brontës had never been popular. Old Hugh Brontë, besides marrying a 'Papish,' had committed the sin of industry and prosperity. His children, in addition to being the offspring of a converted Papish, 'set themselves up' and 'kept themselves to themselves.' It is believable that friends who had looked blank at all mention of *Frazer* and *Blackwood* would seize on the report of the famous attack in the *Quarterly* with avid glee.

'The neighbours of the Brontës had very vague ideas as to what the *Quarterly* might be.' But he, she, or it had said

that Papish Pat's girl for sufficient reasons had forfeited the society of her sex, and that was that.

There was only one thing the outraged Brontës could do ; Hugh took upon himself to do it.

Near the farm grew a young blackthorn sapling.

' It had arrived at maturity about the time the diabolical article appeared in the *Quarterly*. The supreme moment of his (Hugh's) life had arrived and the weapon on which he depended was ready. . . . His first act was to dig up the blackthorn carefully, so that he might have enough of the thick root to form a lethal club. Having pruned it roughly, he placed the butt end in warm ashes night after night to season. Then when it had become sapless and hard he reduced it to its final dimensions. Afterwards he steeped it in brine, or "put in pickle" as the saying goes, and when it had been a sufficient time in the salt water he took it out and rubbed it with chamois and train-oil for hours. Then came the final process. He shot a magpie, drained its blood into a cup and with the lapped blood polished the blackthorn till it became black with a mahogany tint. The shillelagh was then a beautiful, tough formidable weapon, and when tipped with an iron ferrule, was quite ready for action.'

Dr. Wright is not to be blamed. Mr. McKee, or Alice Brontë, from whom he had the story, are hardly to be blamed. It is what should have happened. It is what Hugh Brontë might have brooded fiercely upon. It is what he, or another Irishman in his place and day, might have been quite capable of. The Irish, as a race, with infallible artistic imagination usually see to it that what should have happened did in fact happen.

Hugh Brontë the Giant, then, crossed with his shillelagh to Liverpool, walked to Haworth and arrived at the Parsonage to be rated by the Parsonage's Martha for travelling on a Sabbath.

'The declaration of Hugh's mission of revenge was received by Charlotte with incredulous astonishment. But gentle Anne sympathised with him and wished him well. Had it not been for Anne's enthusiastic encouragement' (you can see Anne reverentially fingering the shillelagh) 'Hugh would have returned straight home from Haworth in disgust. Patrick, as befitted a clergyman, condemned the undertaking and did what he could to amuse Hugh, and to draw his mind from its fierce intent.'

In fact he took him to a prize-fight. Hugh was unamused. His comment was that he could have licked both fighters and 'eaten half-a-dozen of the men he saw in England.'

He went to London, took lodgings, and found his way to John Murray's. He said he was Currer Bell's uncle and wished to see her reviewer in the *Quarterly*. He kept on coming to Murray's and seeing the Editor of the *Quarterly*, who prodded him for information about Currer Bell. He declined to make any statement except to the reviewer. The shillelagh was conspicuous. 'They ceased to admit him at Murray's.'

'I admire,' says Dr. Wright, 'the loyalty of John Murray to a servant (the reviewer) whose work has attained an evil pre-eminence. It is interesting to know in these prying and babbling times that in the house of Murray the secret of even a supposed ruffian is safe to the third generation.'

Undaunted, the Avenger went to the publishers of *Jane Eyre*. He frankly showed them the shillelagh and appealed for their assistance.

'They treated him civilly without furthering his quest; but he got from them an introduction to the reading-room of the British Museum and to several other reading-rooms.'

It seems hardly relevant. However, he met in the British Museum 'a kind old gentleman,' who listened, sympathised,

and gave a dinner for him, at which a number of people examined the shillelagh, called on its owner for a speech, cheered him and drank his health. They even promised to find him the reviewer; 'but his friend told him at the Museum that all had failed and that they considered Hugh's undertaking hopeless.'

I confess I like to think of Hugh in the British Museum.

But in the meantime his money had given out. So he went back to Haworth. Emily was dead and Anne dying, but

'she threw her slender arms round his neck and called him her noble uncle. . . . Charlotte took him for a walk on the moor, asked him a thousand questions, told him about Emily and Branwell and, slipping a few sovereigns into his hand, advised him to hasten home.'

It is sad to read that no welcome awaited him at home because of his failure. Dr. Wright personally knew this Hugh Brontë and explains :

'For prudential reasons Hugh's mission was at first kept secret, and after its failure pride would not permit a reference to it. The adventure was known only to Mr. McKee and the brothers and sisters at home. Those who were not at home never heard of it.'

Plenty of other tales were to be picked up concerning 'noble uncle' Hugh Brontë. Dr. Wright gives a picture of him during the national potato blight, standing hurling his rotten potatoes down a cliff in the glen below the farm while he roared at the Devil to come and eat his own food. For years afterwards the place went by the name of The Devil's Dining-room. Perhaps it does still.

This glen, known as the Brontë Glen, had a bad reputation. A woman had been murdered there by her lover and betrayer.

The Glen was haunted by a horse with a headless rider. Dr. Wright always heard that 'the Giant' Brontë had fought a personal contest with the ghost and been worsted and obliged to make a pact with it. On dark nights when there were wailings in the Glen and people covered their heads in bed, Hugh went out 'to soothe the ghost' so that the wailing died away.

'On several occasions it was believed that Hugh was actually seen in the Glen, standing with his hand on the mane of a magnificent black horse, but when any neighbour drew near, the black horse dwindled to a great black cat which kept purring around Brontë and rubbing itself against his legs.'

In his investigations Dr. Wright was warned to have nothing to do with the Brontës. They were feared. If true this one fact is very strange, and challenging to speculation.

Hugh Brontë died, following 'a terrific squeeze' from the ghost of a man who had hanged himself in the married sister's house. What seemed more surprising to Dr. Wright's informant was that the dying Hugh forbade any whiskey to be drunk at his wake, and threatened, if disobeyed, to come back and blast the mourners.

William Brontë had six sons, 'all of whom got on well in life.' Welsh, inexplicably named after the family's evil genius, had two sons, of whom one was drowned and the other died 'after a swift career of debauchery, compared with which Branwell's vices sink into insignificance.'

'There are,' Dr. Wright concludes this genealogical survey, 'now in Ireland a number of the descendants of the Brontës, who are industrious, prosperous, and in every way most exemplary.'

'There are two or three in a destitute condition.'

MY UNCLE THE DEVIL.

BY E. K. WOOLNER.

THERE was a man who pawned his soul to the Devil, for ten thousand pounds, redeemable in ten years' time, on the first Friday in November.

'You might just as well let me have it outright,' said the Devil, 'and I'll make it eleven.'

'I wouldn't dream of such a thing,' said the man, profoundly shocked.

Now for five years, the man prospered and he doubled and trebled his money. Then the luck turned, and by the end of the ten years he had little more than the original ten thousand left, and he debated with himself what he should do.

'For after all,' he reflected, 'I have got on well enough without a soul all these years. On the other hand, I am not so young as I was, and it's as well to be prepared and look ahead.' And when he looked ahead he began to be afraid.

So the man sold out his investments, and as he intelligently realised that a cheque might not be acceptable, nor paper money either, he bought diamonds to the value of ten thousand pounds and took them away in a little leather bag; and he went to the address which the Devil had given him, down near the river.

The Devil expressed surprise and pleasure at seeing him again. He accepted the diamonds and wrote out a receipt, and he disentangled the man's soul from a heap of junk in the window.

'My God !' said the man when he saw it. 'Is *that* my soul ?'

'Don't swear !' said the Devil sharply. 'I don't like it. Yes, it's yours. There's your name in the top left-hand corner.'

'But it's all over holes,' complained the man.

'That's the moth,' said the Devil. 'And of course it's shrunk a bit for want of use—and it's got a trifle mouldy—but in ten years what could you expect ?'

'You haven't taken proper care of it !' cried the man angrily.

'I never promised to take care of it,' said the Devil. 'And I'll thank you to remove it : I don't like the smell.' And the man found himself outside on the Embankment, with his soul in his hand.

It was thin and light, and riddled with holes like a skeleton leaf, and before he had decided what to do with it, the wind flipped it out of his hand into the river.

It touched the water with a flash, like a wisp of burning paper, and disappeared.

'That was a shocking waste of money !' said the man.

FINNMARK.

BY DAVID HOWARTH.

AFTER four days of the leisurely journey by the mail-boat up the coast of Norway we landed at Honningsvåg, the most northerly town, as its inhabitants will tell you, in the world. There was the Major, a surveyor for the Norwegian Government; Arne and Henrik, his assistants, blond northerners both twenty-one years old; and myself, an Englishman, and only different from any other tourist in that I understood a little of the language.

All Norwegians are so friendly that a new traveller in their country imagines he has some peculiar charm; but the cause of their kindness is not in his virtue but in theirs. The Major and I met in a train near Oslo. I told him I was going north, with no plans but to walk over somewhere into Sweden, because, as I said, that was so different from my working life in London. He was going north on business, he replied; and when I asked him what business called him into such remoteness, he told me he would make a map of the interior of Finnmark. This is the most northern province of Norway. On ten minutes' acquaintance he invited me to go to Finnmark with him; I could improve his English and he my Norwegian, he explained.

Our district was to be beyond the head of Laksefjord, between it and the Tana river, which forms the Finnish frontier there. From the northern coast of Norway three fjords run forty miles inland: Porsangerfjord, Laksefjord and Tanafjord; and south of them are fifty miles of lakes

and fells, uninhabited and barren, and visited by no one but from time to time the Lapps who tend the wandering herds of reindeer. The eastern end of this country has been mapped, but the centre and the west are unsurveyed, except for half a dozen cairns which were built on hilltops thirty years ago. It seemed, I thought, the very place for me. In summer, as a Londoner, I wanted to be quiet, and to travel by the simplest, slowest means.

I had another reason for wanting to join the Major. When I am abroad I hate to be taken for a tourist, and particularly for an English one. This is partly a form of snobbishness, but partly, I think, quite rational. It is impossible for a tourist to have much normal intercourse with the people whose country he has gone to see; and the pleasure of travelling, to my mind, lies mainly in sharing the ordinary life of foreign people, and being accepted by them as a friend. As one of the Major's party I would have some reason, beyond mere curiosity, for travelling to Finnmark. Moreover, one of the things which labels a person as a tourist is the way he spends his money. He has to live in an hotel, and feed in restaurants, and he may buy souvenirs and go on sightseeing excursions; and the people who provide these things look upon him as peculiar and God-sent. But while I was with the Major I could always pay for things through him. One small event seemed like a symbol of promotion out of the class of tourist. A friendly steward on the mail-boat shared my dislike of tourists who have too much money to spend, and when we left the ship at Honningsvåg, he refused my tip and gave me a packet of his favourite cigarettes instead. Then I began to feel at home in Norway.

At Honningsvåg we piled our luggage on the quay cheerfully, because we were glad to be so near our journey's end.

From there to Laksefjord's end is only a day's run in the local boat, which goes in each direction once a week. There was nearly a ton of gear ; the instruments, and clothes and tents, food for three months, and many gadgets of the Major's own invention. It made quite an imposing pile in that little harbour below the wooden houses built on ledges scraped by manual labour in the bare hillside. The crowd of people who had gathered to see the steamer off regarded us with interest. 'We are the Norwegian Geographical Bureau,' I told them when they asked me. They were impressed ; and I, being used to feel inferior as a tourist, was a little proud.

The mail-boat which had brought us rang its bell three times, and drew away, leaving the unexpected void and silence which a ship will always cause for those who watch it sailing from the dockside. But soon afterwards we found the local boat had gone, and left us stranded.

The Major and I sat down on upturned boxes to think that over. He was longing to get to his camping place, I knew, and I did not much want to spend four days of my summer holiday in Honningsvåg. So I went with him to try to hire a fishing boat ; but we both were afraid that we could not afford it.

But luck was with us ; for beyond the wharf a small grey Diesel ship was anchored. She had the build of a whaler, but no crow's nest on her mast and no harpoon gun in the bows ; we thought she was too neat and smartly painted. *Myken* was her name. We hailed some men on board ; they said she was 'the Government's Harbour Inspection Ship.' We glanced at one another, hopeful once again. The Major asked them, as one Government department to another, if they could help us out ; and they replied that certainly we should sleep the night on board, and that

the evening after they would have us all in Laksefjord. 'You see,' the Major said to me, 'everything comes right if only you can take things calmly.'

As *Myken* slowly cruised along the fjord we watched the coastline shift and slip astern ; a sight familiar to us all, but one which we saw now with new interest, because these were the hills where we were going to live.

At first sight they were not hospitable. They rose to fifteen hundred feet or so, declining in the south to low fells of a thousand feet or less. The sun, which had not left our sight for four days and four arctic summer nights, was in the west, and rain clouds drove across it, dividing up the scene with slanting lines of rain and sunshine. In the distance, where horizons are all blue and all hills two-dimensional, the country looked like many Scottish sea lochs I have seen ; but closer, when the sunlight struck the shoulder of a hill, I saw that it was different. These hills were made of stone, and stood as bare as the façade of a city street ; only in the hollows was there any greenness, of bilberries and stunted silver birch.

In the evening, about nine o'clock, we saw the water's end. This was to be our base. The place's name was Kones ; there were two wooden huts. There, the Major told me, we ought to meet our Lappish horseman. This man had not known when he might expect us, whether that week or the next (but that is nothing in that country, where, when they miss a boat, they wait a week beside the landing-stage as if it were ten minutes for a 'bus). But the appearance of *Myken*, the only event, I suppose, of this year in Laksefjord, soon caused a stir ashore, and after a time a boat put out to meet us. Two Lapps were in it, a man and a woman. They waved their hands and introduced them-

selves—the horseman and his wife. So far so good, we thought ; he's here at any rate. And we all looked with interest at the little man bobbing in the boat below, because so much depends upon the horseman in an expedition to that country. A good man would be our fisherman and guide, an elder brother with his local knowledge and a Father Christmas with his weekly mail ; but a bad one (for the Lapps are independent people) might feel ill-used or bored and leave us and our luggage stranded. In either case, we would have to live in close companionship with him, because there is no racial snobbishness about Norwegians, and their attitude towards the Lapps is always in sharp contrast to our treatment of the subject races of our Empire. But this man with his grin looked reassuring, and his greeting was in good Norwegian—an advantage, since the Lappish language is extremely difficult.

We started to unload our gear into his boat. Crate after crate went in, on *Myken's* big hydraulic winch. The quantity to me seemed huge, but he went on piling up the boxes, and his grin did not show any signs of fading. I felt it was a test—perhaps he did too. He passed it anyhow, for when the gunwales were an inch above the water and he and his wife crouched bailing in the bows, he still refused to go without my rucksack. We followed him ashore in *Myken's* boat, already sure that we were fortunate ; and as the two boats crunched against the shingle, a mist rose suddenly from the land. The mist was mosquitoes.

While all the others, with a lot of splashing, were carrying the boxes up the beach, I as the guest had time to look around, both at the country and our new acquaintances. The geography of Laksefjord end was strange. The ice age is a recent bit of history in Finnmark ; in fact in many places it looks as if the ice-cap melted yesterday. In Kones its effects

were very clear. It is well known that as the Scandinavian ice retreated, the continent, relieved of so much weight, floated higher in the viscous rock which underlies it, so that one often sees a sea-beach lying high and dry along a hillside. But at Kones there were seven beaches, complete with sand and shingle (almost seaweed) at intervals all up the hills. The top ones were above the tree-line ; this is about one hundred feet above the sea. In the middle a few were covered with the scrub of silver birch which passes for a forest at that latitude. The bottom one of all, though, was peculiar. Its level surface was quite bare, of sand and stones, with shallow pits scoured by ocean tides ; it extended for a square mile or so, with sloping edges thirty feet in height, so neat and regular that they looked artificial—simply the sea-bottom, unaltered by its contact with the air.

Two large rivers, called Adamsjokka and Storelven, flowed into Laksefjord, and their mouths gave further indication that the last movement of the continent was not so long ago. Both, in size and character, were rather like the Spey. Storelven cut the beaches where they were of sand, and since the last was formed had worn it back about two miles, to where a rib of rock had held up the erosion. But Adamsjokka crossed them on rock ; erosion at its mouth had hardly started, and the river fell for thirty feet or more direct into the sea. The Major was the first to realise what that meant ; our camps would be among the upper waters of these rivers. There would be no salmon ! It was a blow to him. To spend three months among a thousand streams and lakes which no other angler had visited was nearly all, I think, that he would ask of life. But now there was an imperfection in his paradise ; and I was glad for his sake when the horseman told us that in all the waters there were many trout.

Talk about trout made necessary my formal introduction to the horseman. We introduced ourselves, in the Norwegian way. 'Per Holm Pedersen,' he said, with the suspicion of a bow; and I, 'Darvid Ho-art,' for in Norway I have given up pronouncing my name correctly. We stared at one another frankly; he was a novelty to me and I to him. He wore the Lappish dress; a long coat, trimmed with red and yellow braid, and leather leggings joined by thongs to boots of reindeer hide, with turned-up pointed toes. He wore his belt not round his waist, but loosely round his hips, which made him look all body and no leg, like a gnome. I found that this appearance was well suited to his character. They seemed strange clothes, but mine were even stranger; old ski-ing trousers, once-white socks, and shoes—my lower half was all Norwegian. But above that was a shirt from Regent Street and a fisherman's jersey bought in St. Andrew's Dock in Hull. I was the foreigner all right; Per was correctly dressed and was at home.

We soon discovered a fundamental quality in Per. There was nothing, within the conceivable duties of a horseman, which he would admit he could not do; but we found his boasts were never empty. We always took him at his word, and he succeeded in doing many jobs we thought impossible. But on the other hand, if we should ask whether he thought *we* could do a thing, he was in doubt, and answered 'Kanskje det'—perhaps you might.

But I believe that is a habit common to all Lapps. Are there any other people in the world whose ordinary statements are literally accurate, and who simply do not understand the normal looseness of a civilised remark? The Major told me of a horseman he had had before. This man had had a gun, and the Major asked him if he would shoot a reindeer for them if he saw one. 'You Norwegians

are so strange,' the Lapp replied ; ' if I see one I shall try to shoot it ; but who can tell you if I shall succeed ? ' And Per was just the same. Within his knowledge he was quite dogmatic, but outside it he would never venture an opinion. He knew his own abilities, but had no experience of ours. When I was used to this, it seemed a pleasant change from ordinary conversation ; for a ' good talker ' in civilised society must express opinions on far more subjects than a single mind can really understand. And thus our conversation is so wide in scope that it cannot be based on proper knowledge ; but Per's was extremely narrow, and exact.

While we pitched our tents I had my first experience of mosquitoes. I do not know what all these creatures live on. While we were there, the mosquitoes ate us, we ate the trout, and the trout ate the mosquitoes. But when the Norwegians are not conducting a survey it is hard to imagine what supports a population of many hundreds of insects to each square foot of country. The top speed of a mosquito seemed to be about six knots, so that when there was a good wind, or by walking briskly, we could outwit them and relax. In still air and sheltered places they covered us from head to foot, so that from a distance all our clothes were toned down in colour to mosquito-grey, and from close at hand we saw each other's bodies seething with enthusiastic life. The Lapps, though used to them, were not immune ; one old man had a gesture which swept them off his face and neck, and he continued in this habit even when there was a wind and no mosquitoes could be seen. I was fairly well equipped for them, and was amused to sit and watch them hunting, sounding with their noses every lace-hole in my boots. But it is impossible to move about for long in mosquito-proof clothing, and in the end I became resigned to being bitten.

The horses suffer most. It is said that they are killed by flies in some Finnmark summers, but whether this is due to poisoning or because the bites go septic, I do not know ; or whether irritation drives them to destroy themselves. On still evenings, Per would light a fire underneath his horse, and the sensible animal would stand all night singeing its belly in content ; but even so, one morning we found the side of its head was almost raw.

Our tents were proof against them when we did them up from inside, but when we left them empty they would soon fill up. Before we went to sleep we spent half an hour or so in slaughter. Mosquitoes brought out all the worst in my character. A well-aimed swipe would do for half a dozen, and gave me a cruel satisfaction ; and my last action when I went to sleep was to sweep away with vindictive pleasure the corpses which had fallen in my bed.

The morning after our arrival Per was to take a load of food and tents to our first camping place, some twelve miles up into the hills, and while he did so we went fishing. We asked him, in our innocence, if we could get a salmon in Storelven, in the pools below the fall. He, in his usual manner, said that there were salmon there, and that he couldn't say if we could catch them. We fished all day and all his doubts were justified. (My own fishing is not up to much. I never cast expecting I shall catch anything, but good fishermen are always surprised if they do not.) But it was a good and energetic day, and I returned to camp pleased with myself and ready for more sleep. Then Per came back. The Major asked him if he and his horse were ready for another journey. 'Of course we are,' said Per. 'Then let us start at nine,' the Major said.

Those twelve miles were the longest I have known. Moved by some latent patriotic urge, I was determined

that my three Norwegian friends should not outdo me. But I admit to being pleased when once the horse fell in a bog and we had to drop our rucksacks to unload it. Per seemed to lead us over all the hills, instead of along the valleys, and I was reminded of those military roads of General Wade's in Scotland which have the same strange tendency. But Per was right, as usual ; the drainage of Finnmark, made by ice, is so irregular that it is best to cross the country in as straight a line as possible ; the mountaineer's technique of 'contouring' is not worth while.

It was exactly midnight when at last we reached the camp, beside a lake called Roksbaktjavrre, which glittered in the Arctic sun. I was glad I had kept up with the Norwegians. But while we pitched the tents I happened to pick up their rucksacks, which contained surveying instruments ; they were quite twice as heavy as my own. By two o'clock that morning we were ready for our dinner ; and it was as I helped to cook that meal that Henrik startled me with a remark in English. He watched me light a Primus in a billowing cloud of mosquitoes and other flies, and said 'Hell-kitchen.' I asked him where he had got that expression from, and he explained that he had got a brother who had spent three weeks in London University.

There have been many places which have cast a spell on me, filled me with energy or made me want to paint or write a poem ; there are others in which I want to end my days. The spell of Roksbaktjavrre was a different one. It was a simple place, of clean rock and crystal water, with something of the cold purity of ice in its appearance ; inhuman and yet friendly ; undecorated by nature or by man, and yet with a subtle and unchanging beauty, which seemed the antithesis of every form of art. Time drifted by those quiet hills, a

slow stream after the torrent of London days. There were no passing events to mark its speed like floating debris on its surface. Nothing divided up the days or hours ; there was no darkness, nor the conventions which follow alternate night and day. Sometimes my mind would jump the three weeks or the miles to home : the sun is over Stalogaissa, so it's time for morning coffee ; or it's hidden behind Uëcaskaidda, so they will be in bed in England now. But our criteria there were different : the light's too bright for fishing, so we'd better go to sleep. The surveyors would work from one hilltop to another till exhaustion drove them back to camp—thirty-six hours perhaps, and then a gargantuan meal and twelve hours' sleep—a meal which could not be identified as breakfast, say, or dinner, because it might happen at any hour, and would always be the same in character : trout, boiled potatoes, bread and margarine, and perhaps a sweet soup made from saffron and sorrel. And I was lazy while the others worked. I had a favourite tarn high on the hill where I lay in the wind and sun, and took pleasure in the luxury of having no time limit to my thoughts. I had no quick decisions I must make, no job to finish before the evening ; and I felt that if I lay there long the answer to all my problems would drift unsought into my mind. I sometimes lay inactive while the sun traced its full circle in the sky, and only the birds, friendly and curious, came to stare at me. And at the end, a day had gone, and I had done nothing to mark it from another ; yet it was marked, stood out from London days, because at the end I felt myself wiser, and a little more at peace. In this mood I could face my disappointments, fears and jealousies, and order them away ; even ambitions would take their proper places in my mind. All men who are too civilized imagine to themselves this pleasure ; but solitude is very hard to find. I can remember

Finnmark now, when I find myself in trouble with my life, and think that in its silence I perceived a slow and calm philosophy.

One day when I was sitting by my tarn, I worked out backwards my journey home. I had to be in Denmark on the 10th. The train through Sweden ought to take two days—and add a day in Stockholm to collect my luggage. Then the 'bus through Finland: five hundred kilometres: that would take a day. A boat across the lake at Svanvik, and the 'bus from Kirkenes. And then the boat from Vadsö across Varangerfjord. I added it all up, counting an extra day to meet emergencies. It brought me to a Friday. My God! I thought, and flung my clothes on. It was Monday night. And the mail-boat didn't go to Kirkenes on Fridays. I had two days to do the hundred miles to Vadsö.

Back in the camp I had a talk with Per. There were three ways I could go. Thirty miles north-east would bring me up to Ifjord, and the map showed a road of sorts which ran east and south from there, and crossed the Tana river by a ferry called Seida. I knew there was a weekly car, but Per thought it went on Mondays. That was no good. Or I might walk south-east, striking the Tana after forty-five miles near the settlement of Sirma, Per's home town. There was a mail-boat on the river: but it went on Thursdays. Thirdly, east-south-east would lead directly to the ferry. 'Could I do it in a day and a half?' I asked him. 'Kanskje det,' he said; but so doubtfully that I decided then and there to try it.

I spent an hour looking at the map of the next sector to the east, which I should have to cross. The rivers all ran south and then turned north, and there were many lakes,

and areas with little tufts of grass denoting bogs. The only hope, I thought, would be to follow a watershed which ran quite reasonably straight, beginning at a hill called Höiryggen. According to the map this hill had got a cairn on top. To get there I must cross some thirty miles of unmapped country, which was complicated by the fact that I did not know where I was to start with. But I decided that south-east ought to hit it off, and went to bed. It would be nearly eighty miles to the ferry.

At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning I said good-bye, and thanked the Major, Arne, Henrik and Per for their hospitality. I was embarrassed; they had been so kind to me. Then I put on my rucksack and a satchel full of maps and cameras, skirted the lake, and set off at a tangent to its shore on my first compass bearing.

This first bearing was a long one, because from just above our camp we could see perhaps ten miles to a shoulder which, for Finnmark, ended in a very steep buttress which I couldn't miss. I waded two rivers, waist-deep, and wondered what would happen to my rucksack if I came to one I had to swim. The sun was hot, and the bare rocks raised shimmering columns in the air; but I was able to take off most of my clothes, because the wind was in my face, so that if I walked quickly the usual cloud of jubilant mosquitoes could not catch me up. By the sun it was nearly noon when I reached the shoulder, and climbing it saw another ten miles of country new to me, barren and rolling as the part which I had crossed.

But after I descended, I found the little hills were steeper, and the valleys so marshy, that I could not cross them directly. I had to take a bearing every time I reached a ridge, and memorise a landmark on the next. Each time I stopped to read my compass, there was a stirring in the rocks,

and a crescendo in a high-pitched hum, as the good news was spread among the flies. Mosquitoes are good things to keep a lazy man on the move, and I did not rest, but walked on with that intense concentration on each step which becomes a habit in rough country. There were no incidents ; the land was all the same, and I found it difficult to imagine that it had a boundary, or that if I kept on I should in time see a river that was wider, or a mountain different from the rest. In time I climbed the tenth, or perhaps the hundredth hill, and saw a lake ; the thousandth lake it must have been. But it was larger than most ; I judged it a mile wide, and I could not see to the end of it. Beyond, the hills were very regular, the skyline broken by no valleys and no peaks. The watershed at last, I thought ; and as I looked along it, exactly opposite I saw a little rise, and on its top a cairn. Höiryggen ! and what perfect navigation, I said in pride.

Well satisfied, I stopped to have some food, and as I sat eating by the lakeside, I realized that I had never been so utterly alone. Adventurers and savages must be quite used to this, but as the hills and sky stared down at me, I was acutely conscious of being the only thing alive within their wide view, and through my aliveness of being most conspicuous. It was safe to say there were no men within thirty miles ; I was told there were wolves and reindeer, but I had seen nothing moving except the birds and flies and fishes. Now is the time, I thought, for God to strike me down, without the dreary publicity which such a miracle would cause in London. No one would miss me for a long time and the stricken corpse would never be found again. But no thunderbolt disturbed the unchanging blueness, and if the hills shifted a little, it was no more than the false shifting of the mirage. I thought God must have better plans, for I was sure that I deserved it.

The climb to Höiryggen was long and tedious, up a dark corrie, made sinister by the despairing cries of Lapland bunting, which pursued me for mile after mile. Near the top a skua saw me and came to hover a dozen feet above my head ; then he went away, only to return with all his pals, who swooped down at my head while I shouted English curses at them. The attitude of most birds was that of the people who watch workmen digging holes in roads, contemplative and mildly inquisitive ; but the skuas were street-urchins with their rude gestures and ribald cries. I took a great dislike to them, calling them sissy seagulls and other vulgar names.

Soon after this encounter I reached the top, a little out of breath, not from the climb but from my altercation with the birds. But then my pride in navigation fell. The cairn was only a rock, stuck up on end, and this was no more Höiryggen than any other hill. The watershed as well, which seemed so definite from down below, turned out to be an area of stagnant lakes and marshes of which I could see no end. Sadly I threaded my way among them ; and in time I saw another hill, with a bigger and better cairn, lying away to my right ; and coming to a rise I saw at length the country sloping away from me, and rivers undeniably running down to Tana.

Now, I thought, I must be on the map ; and with one eye on the skuas, who were still showing interest in what I was doing, I spread it on a rock and tried to identify the points in the featureless view. It all seemed to fit ; a range of hills to the south hid the Tana valley, and between myself and them was an enormous marsh. A river called Höiryggelven flowed through it, and I could see its head-waters below me. To the east was the watershed which I proposed to follow, quite well defined. The only item unac-

countable was a large lake, which was not on the map at all ; but, I thought, it was quite possible in such a new topography that it had formed since that area had been surveyed, and, intending to write and tell the Major that his map was not much use, I started off along the watershed.

This was my second shock. What looked as firm as downland turf was a floating mass of peat, which, after supporting my weight for a dozen hurried paces, gave way and left me, feeling rather foolish, with only my top half visible. The skuas were delighted, but I was not amused, and, seeing that the ridge was all like that, I tried a traverse along its southern slope.

There there was a new hazard in what was becoming a ridiculous sort of obstacle race. This side of the hills was made of glacial sand which gave good going on the level, where its surface was matted with bilberries. But each stream had worn a channel like a railway cutting, with the sand on each side lying loosely at its angle of rest. Going down these was fun. I jumped, and finished at the bottom with my head and shoulders projecting from a sand-castle. But going up again was not so easy, and finally I jumped down one twenty or thirty feet deep, and could not get out again.

By then I was a little desperate. I had been going for twelve hours, and realised that to cross thirty miles of such a drainage system within the next day and night was quite impossible. The only hope was to follow the rivers down to Tana. I reckoned that the railway cutting I was in was one of the tributaries of Höiryggelven, and thought that ten miles or so along it would bring me to a certain bend in Tana, from which it would be thirty to the ferry.

So I swallowed my pride and set off along the stream. Thereafter the nightmare quality of this journey steadily

increased. First the stream itself upset my calculations by turning north-east ; but I put that down to some local formation, and leaving it to its whim, fell back upon my compass once again. That led me into a thicket of tangled bushes ; and having got into this I had to cut my way out with a knife, only to find another bog which I crossed at a run, jumping hurriedly from tuft to tuft, because if I stood still the ground around me gently sank below the water. Next there was an area of large pits like shell-holes with no surface drainage at all ; and then a long and narrow lake which was too deep to wade. Finally, when I reached the valley through which I thought the river ought to run, I found the merest trickle of a stream, which ran exactly in the wrong direction.

More calculations with the map made me try another valley three or four miles to the east, but that also proved to be a corrie of which the stream ran out towards me. And it was not till then that I realised for certain that my premises had been all wrong. I'd never seen Höiryggen, or been near it. In fact, I wasn't on the map at all.

As I thought about this melancholy fact, I was assaulted by a buzzard, and, being in no mood for trifling, used the map to beat the creature off. I also took a bearing on the sun. I found that it was very nearly midnight.

So there was nothing for it but to cross the ridge which hid the Tana river. It was only about a thousand feet above the valley floor, but I did not feel much inclined for climbing. I reached the top refreshed by seeing all the skuas set upon the buzzard, and torment him as he and they had both tormented me. But there was no Tana river, only another valley and another ridge. And it was not for four or five more hours of steady going that I saw a valley deep and wooded, and knew that it must be the one I wanted. As

soon as I was satisfied that the hills across the way were Finland, I lay down and went to sleep, and dreamed that wolves surrounded me and watched me.

After an hour I woke up feeling better, and made some coffee and then started off again. Even after Tana was in sight it seemed a long time before it got appreciably nearer. I walked into a wood which, growing thicker as I descended from the hills, obscured the view, so that I had to rummage for the compass in my rucksack, where I had put it, as I thought, once and for all. I hurried on among the birches. They were so rotten that whole small trees would fall down as I passed. And when I thought that I would never find this most elusive river, I plunged into another clump of bushes and nearly fell into the water, twenty feet below an overhanging bank.

It was a broad, complacent stream. Finland, which looked much the same as Norway, lay beyond, separated from me by the width of London river in the city. Looking along the bank I saw some huts—a surprising number of them—salmon nets spread out to dry, and among the trees a flagstaff. Farther along, there were two men in a canoe. The flagstaff puzzled me. There was only one place on Tana which could have a flagstaff: the school at Sirma, where Per had wanted me to go. The truth dawned slowly on my mind. Goodness knows how I got there; but I was at Sirma after all. I had walked at least ten miles due east at different stages of my journey, and there I was, still ten miles west of where I ought to be. And that ten miles I still had got to go, making it all of forty to the ferry. My will began to weaken as I watched the men in their canoe. It seemed to take them all their time, with two oars and a paddle, to prevent themselves from being swept downstream; and the idea of sitting in a boat drifting with the

river appealed to me much more than walking down the bank.

So I made my way towards them. By the time I was in hailing distance I would have given them a fortune for that boat.

Of course they were most friendly ; but they frankly disbelieved my story, which was flattering. They said it was eight or nine miles by the way I said I came—a Norwegian mile being seven of the English sort. (Later from the small-scale maps I reckoned I had covered sixty miles before I went to sleep.) But what troubled them was not the distance, which was not excessive as a day's walk for a Lapp, but the problem of how I had found my way. They knew about compasses, but didn't really think them any use, and would never, I am sure, have trusted to anything except their local knowledge and their instinct to enable them to cross the hills themselves. But then I mentioned Per. His name was like a password. 'Nils Pedersen,' the elder of the two men said, and 'Darvid Ho-art,' I replied. 'This is my son,' he added, 'and Per Holm is my brother. Be so good as to take some coffee with us.' 'You are very kind,' I said, risking a snub by using the familiar second person singular ; but the ice was broken, and he seized my rucksack and carried it to his hut, bombarding me with questions as we walked. More of the family joined us : Nils's daughter, who was ten and since her mother's death did all the housework, and his nephew Isaak, who was a cripple ; and a very old lady, perhaps his mother, who hobbled in to shake my hand. So I lived in London ? 'Fancy coming all the way to Finnmark when you live in London !' 'It is a big city, is it not ?' But how to describe to them its bigness, its streets in thousands and its men in millions ? Or to explain what made me leave it

to come to Sirma to a little Lappish hut? Isaak would like to go to London, to see life, 'for nothing ever happens here in Sirma.' A line of Flecker came into my mind: 'Men are unwise and curiously planned.' I tried to translate it, but Isaak was a young man, and Nils was happy and was therefore not unwise. Perhaps the old lady understood me. She said nothing, but followed the conversation with her eyes, which were vital in the immobile oldness of her face.

For a moment then, as at many other times, the thought flickered in my mind that I need never go to London any more. With my reason caught unguarded for a moment, the idea attracted me. But that is ground I have fought over, and like most town people, I know that a simple life is only a dream for me, and its enjoyment a delusion. So I led our conversation, away from the edge of metaphysics, to canoes. I did not need to offer them a fortune for their boat, or for Isaak, to help me and to bring it back. But the little I did offer put a barrier between us. When I was walking, my education, and the comparative riches which it earned me, were of no use to me and gave me no advantage over the Lapps. I was their equal. But, though their farewell was friendly, and they asked me to return, I felt my money exiled me from Finnmark. Once more I was a tourist; a Londoner of middle class, incongruous on Tana.

MORNING IN LATE JUNE.

Now dimly steals the light from out the East.
 The honeysuckle and the new-mown hay,
 Old-fashioned roses and the spiced pink
 Give forth their fragrance as I deeply drink
 The night-cool air. Now sleeping bird and beast
 Stir as they sense the soft approach of day.

First in the crescent light trills out the lark
 Who from his airy height perceives the sun :
 Then from the orchard comes the robin's cry.
 A clarion challenge from the farm near by
 Is answered distantly. A sheep-dog's bark
 Tells that the shepherd's work is well begun.

There is a sense of promise in the air—
 Sable the trees and hedges 'gainst the sky,
 Where dove-grey clouds above the distant hills
 Contrast the pink-vermilion light, that fills
 The eastern stretches of the heavens, where
 Lonely and pale a single star doth lie.

Above the Forest's trees the moon still shines
 Unnaturally bright as comes the day,
 Whose light seems every moment to increase.
 But who shall say 'Lo, here the night doth cease
 And day begins' ? Nay, each with each combines
 And mingles with a subtle interplay.

Yet morn must have its way, and so the shrouds
Of night disperse, and birds begin to stir—
Rooks take their morning flight—the blackbird's notes
Ring out, and from the Forest's shade there floats
The stock-dove's plaint. Now, to the North, grey clouds
Are turned to lilac and to lavender.

Nothing is stable in this hallowed hour—
Change after coloured change enchants the eye.
Clouds that were stratus-formed to cirrus turn—
The orient sacrifice begins to burn—
The dawn-wind breaths—devoutly every flower,
Bowing, adores the Dayspring from on High.

FRANCKLYN HELMORE.

SONG OF THE FOUR WINDS.

I am the grave-eyed wind
That blows from the west corner of the earth.
I hang the rainbow over the grey seas
And scatter rain.
Walking with slow feet in the topmost boughs
Of dripping trees, I gaze into dark woods
Where the damp shadows linger, and I go
Over the flooded fields with dallying feet
Spraying the lingering rain.

*I am the eager-mouthed wind
That blows from the north corner of the earth,
From the still ice, and the blue polar seas
Grinding with ice.*

*I come across dark mountains, and I burst
With snow upon the yellow fields, and dive
Into the chilly seas, heaping green waves
Curdling upon the shore, then blow white foam
Like scattered cherry flowers to land.*

*I am the warm, slow wind,
Dwelling among the orange trees, and leaning
Over the cypress hills, in the cypress shade,
Too slow to blow
The lingering petals from the full-blown roses.
Sliding through hot lime trees, sinking again
To calm, warm pools, and there I fade at last
Upon blue hills of thyme.*

*I am the earnest-eyed,
The steely wind that shrieking from the east
With acid mouth eats up spring's young-sapped leaves
And burns the wheat.
I bend the high-flowered grass, I toss the buds
From high-tiered chestnut trees. Aching with cold
I rush across the tawny steppes, and drive
The yellow tartars and their small dun horses
Before my shouting mouth.*

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH.

SECOND WIFE.

BY NELL HANSON.

'WILL ye have me, Margaret—like this, afther all them years?'

There had been no eagerness in Mick's voice. Only weariness, and a kind of shame, it seemed to her. Afterwards, wounded by the memory, she had thought: 'Maybe I'd have done better to send him back where he came from.' But at the time something up-welling, long repressed, engulfed her; swept her to him. 'Afther all them years!' she had repeated wistfully. He had not seemed to hear; or to feel her clinging arms and lips.

They were married quickly; one of the crowding Shrovetide couples. A strange pair in their self-contained stillness, in that young, eager, clamorously mating pack. Even as they stood before the altar, one part of her brain recorded mercilessly: 'He's not looked at ye once, since ye came into the chapel! There's not wan time ye could swear that he kissed ye warm an' of his own free will. Ye're a fool, Margaret O'Malley, deludin' yerself that he wants ye!' Turn tail and run from the chapel before she committed an irrevocable blunder? Face life alone once more with that pride she had cherished and cosseted all these years? She couldn't. The love and longing and loneliness of fifteen years held her body quiescent beside him; stilled for the moment the tortured questionings of her mind. Free at last, he had come to her as soon as decent custom allowed. If he didn't want her, why had he come, she asked herself valiantly, surprised by the steadiness of her

own voice as she made her vows. She didn't slip her arm into his as they left the chapel. She walked along beside him, stolid, self-contained as he was.

After the wedding, he took her home to Kilbray. Strange to be there again, after fifteen years ! She stood at the door of the cabin, shading her eyes and staring away to Boher Cliff. Up there, in her warm, comely youth, she had wandered many an evening with Mick Hanrahan. Arms entwined and bodies still as they had been to-day in the little chapel, they had stood to listen to the roar and suck of the waves far below ; or lifted their faces to search for the tiny speck of a singing lark. His arms and his kiss had clung then as tenderly as her own.

She gave a little shudder and turned indoors. Up there, fifteen years ago, she had left him ; in anger. He had accused her . . . ' God help me, I mustn't be thinkin' o' that now ! ' she checked herself. She seized a broom and began to sweep the cabin floor.

She took the cups and saucers from the dresser to lay their supper, handling them awkwardly, a little fearfully as though they still belonged to the woman he had married. She rattled them, almost dropping one and startling Mick.

She said quickly : ' It's Kathleen knew the way to choose right ! It's pretty, this blue and white.'

She had never mentioned Kathleen since the day he had come to her and told her that she was dead. She had longed with a passionate curiosity to speak of her ; to know more of his marriage ; of those years—for him so full, for her so empty. The memory of Kathleen had been with her always ; of the slim graceful body and the fuzz of soft fair hair ; of the sea-blue eyes beneath their heavy drooping lids. Many a time, remembering, she had laughed to herself ironically, gazing into her mirror at her own broad commonplace face ;

passing her hands critically over her own strong breasts and ample hips. With her, always, the memory of the adoring look on Mick's face, the night she had come on him with Kathleen in his arms. That had been the very night after he had accused her, so monstrosly, up there on Boher Cliff; had accused her of a faithlessness of which she was incapable; had refused, icily, to accept her simple explanation. She had slipped away, unseen, unheard, as Mick's face bent to Kathleen's. And the next day she had left Kilbray.

She had corresponded with no one except her own mother, now dead. Deliberately, she had chosen to cut herself off. Beyond the bald information that Mick had married Kathleen a month after her departure, her mother had respected the pride that would ask no questions. And Margaret had scrubbed floors and cooked endless dinners in other people's houses, wondering how those white arms were serving the man she loved; wondering if that slim body had borne him the child she longed for.

Well, Kathleen had had no child. That fact had been included with those of her illness and death. Evidently Mick thought that necessary before asking her to marry him. Sensitiveness, a sense of uncertainty, a lack of assurance in the presence of this one-time sweetheart who had become so strange a lover, prevented any intimate questioning. Only acute nervousness now had forced Kathleen's name into the open.

A flush swept Mick's face. 'I'm not wantin' Kathleen mentioned between you an' me, Margaret,' he said.

Answering colour crept more slowly into her own. 'Oh very well, so!'

They conversed, like strangers, over supper. She was thankful when someone knocked loudly on the door. There was giggling and chatter outside. Mick got up slowly.

'It'll be some o' the neighbours. Tim Foley must be afther tellin' them, blast him. I thaht they mightn't get wind of it, an' no wan on the platform only himself when the train got in.' His hands moved restlessly among the supper things. He didn't turn to the door.

'Will I let them in?' She didn't know what he wanted.

'Ye will not! Not to-night. I couldn't face them to-night.' He flung out his arms in an odd gesture; appeal, it seemed to be. 'To-morrow, maybe. To-morrow it'll have to be, I suppose. They'd think it queer, a weddin' wid no divarshion.' He gave a nervous laugh.

Queer? Unheard of, in County Clare! There was no escaping it. And she didn't want to escape. She'd be glad of diversion; glad of anything—of music, dancing, whiskey flowing freely and kindly welcoming talk; of anything that might fill for an hour or two that chasm that lay between herself and Mick.

'To-morrow it'll have to be,' she said; and laughed the same nervous laugh.

Mick opened the half-door, and the sound of voices filled the cabin. A head was thrust over the lower door. She recognised the tousled hair, now greying, and the sharp, inquisitive features of Bridget Guinane. Other faces, strange and familiar, crowded the small opening. She bent her head, flushing. She wanted to hide from those kindly, curious eyes.

Bridget Guinane's thin voice exclaimed: 'Is it you, Mick? Are ye home then, an' nobody seen ye? An' Lord save us, if it isn't Margaret O'Malley!'

Mick said nothing. The buzz of voices grew louder.

Bridget gave him a playful poke in the ribs. 'Is it married ye are, Mick? Well, aren't you the sly wan, staling a march on us all!'

Loud laughter. The crowding faces pressed closer. Margaret clasped her hands tightly together.

Mick said slowly : ' We were married this marnin' only.'

A woman's voice cried excitedly : ' The blessin' o' God on ye both ; an' on this house !'

Bridget pushed against the door. Mick's hand shot out to hold it fast.

' Och, Mick Hanrahan, will ye not let in yer friends ? Whoever heard of a weddin' an' no divarshion wid it !'

' To-morrow,' he said heavily. ' To-morrow yez can all come an' welcome. But there isn't a bite or a sup in the house ; an' we've come a long way since marnin'.'

' A long way !' Margaret thought. Weary miles of the spirit she had travelled, in those few hours since morning.

' Ah, go on wid yez ! Is it a cold bed ye're wantin', the two of yez ?' She thought she recognised the voice of Tim Foley, the station-master.

Mick said again dully : ' To-morrow, Tim. Will ye lave us be now, for the love o' God.'

Bridget Guinane drew back. ' All right, so—since ye're set it'll not be to-night. But it's a queer welcome that you an' herself does be givin' to yer old friends.'

' I'm not manin' it that way, Bridget. It was kind of yez all to come. Indeed it was.'

' Ah, God bless ye, Mick ! An' Margaret too.' Bridget's voice was warm again. ' She was a lovely gurl, so she was, God help her !'

Mick took a step forward. His voice was suddenly harsh. ' Will ye go now, all of yez, for the love o' Jesus !'

Was that it, then ? Her ageing body ? But he had surely seen . . .

He closed the half-door sharply. Voices and laughter faded down the hill.

He lit the candle. 'We'd better be goin' to bed.' He held it while she searched for sheets in the cupboard by the fire. There was a sweet smell of lavender—Kathleen's lavender. She held the sheets against her breast, glancing up at him uncertainly. But she couldn't read his eyes.

They undressed silently. Strange to creep into that wide bed that almost filled the tiny inner room ; strange, remembering the day she had stood beside it long ago—the day he had bought it and told her it would be their marriage bed.

He lay beside her, silent ; made no movement towards her. She was dead inside. Dead. Dead. Without will. Without desire. They might have been two corpses, stretched there side by side. Only something still alive cried continually, piteously : 'Why did he ask me, God help me, if he didn't want me ?'

By the rigid stillness of his body, she knew that he also lay awake till morning.

She was glad she had to be busy all next day. She sent him to the shop for what they needed. She couldn't face inquisitive questions or kindly, well-meant good wishes. To-night would be all too soon. She talked with him as though he and she were chance acquaintances.

They came—twenty-three of them ; packing the tiny cabin ; overflowing into the drizzling rain. Songs and laughter and the familiar lilt of the Kilbray tongues, so long unheard and longed for, beat upon her heart until she felt that it must break. Mick moved about, carefully, unsmilingly attending to his neighbours' wants. Once she caught him looking at her strangely from a corner. But he never spoke one word to her.

Fiddles scraped and the dancers shuffled outside in the rain. Bridget Guinane drew her shawl and crept closer to the red turf. She laid a cold bony hand on Margaret's.

'Me poor old bones is agcin', alanna ! Shure amn't I the same age as yer mother herself, God rest her soul !' And then : 'What ails ye, Mick ? Is it shy ye are, or what—now ye've got the long wish o' yer heart ?' Mick moved away uneasily. She turned to Margaret again. The whiskey had loosened her tongue. 'The long wish of his heart, alanna, an' that's gospel truth ! Shure he wasn't two months married to that pretty face when he was breakin' his heart for the wan he'd jilted ! Och, she knew it well, God help her ; an' serve her right, sez I, for comin' between the two of yez.' Margaret's heart was beating, wildly. 'But what ails him at all ? Ye'd think 'twas a ghost he'd married !'

Mick said sharply : 'Hould yer whisht, Bridget Guinane !' and her heart stood still again. But in a moment she saw him bend to the old woman, helping her, with great gentleness, as she got up to say good-bye.

What had she done ? Why . . . ? Why . . . ?

The fiddles stopped their interminable scraping. The last drop of whiskey was drained. With slaps on the back and leering and laughter, the neighbours straggled away. They stood alone before the dying fire.

She must know the truth. Now. If it killed her.

'Was that true, what Bridget Guinane is afther sayin' ?'

He was looking at her strangely again. He didn't speak.

She raised her hands, palms up, the fingers crooked in anguished supplication. '*Why* did you ask me ?' she whispered. '*What* have I done ?'

His eyes opened wide. '*You ? Not you !* It's meself. The shame in me heart. . . . Ye'll never know . . .'

What was he talking about ? She moved closer to him.

'It's wid me night an' day . . . years an' years now, since I came to me senses. An' when I seen ye . . . the look of ye, Margaret—you wid yer youth all gone in

loneliness ! I thaht . . . I thaht . . . ' His hands were clenched. " If I marry her I can make it up to her some-way." I thaht the terrible shame would lave me then. But it lay between us, God help us, an' I couldn't spake of it.'

Her arms were round him ; but he stood rigid.

' I'd no right to marry you, an' you not knowin'. That tale. It was all trumped up. She told it to me ; but I knew well it was a lie. But her pretty face ! God forgive me for the years o' wretchedness I braht on ye. I wanted her. She was lovely, Margaret. An' lovely to her dyin' day, they do be sayin' ; though I hated her. An' the shame o' what I done to ye, me little love . . . '

Her arms crept up to his stiffened neck. She drew his face to hers.

POT-POURRI.

*Mourn not the doom
Of rose in bloom ;
What need is there for sighing
When, faint and sweet,
It may repeat
An echo in its dying ?*

*The petals fade
And then are laid
On altars of remembrance
And thus again
The rose shall reign,
Though in a humbler semblance.*

RICHARD SEYMOUR.

[A volume of verse by Mr. Seymour entitled 'Rhyme Unreasoned' was published on June 17 by John Murray.]

A DUFFER IN PARADISE.

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH RESERVOIR TROUT.

BY H. R. JUKES.

RIVER anglers are apt to refer to a lake—or reservoir—as a ‘duffer’s paradise.’ Well, it might be so sometimes. I have known it otherwise.

I have fished one every day, or almost every day, for the past ten years. For the first five I kept a diary; thinking that the notes of weather, temperatures, flies—all those things one does put in a diary—would in time prove useful. In an incredibly wild flight of the imagination I thought that I should be able to refer back to it on any particular type of day, find out what flies had taken on some precisely similar one in the past, and then sally forth confidently armed with the correct lures. By this prescience I would confound my two companions. While they struggled on with their wasteful trial-and-error methods, I should start, straight away, catching fish.

As I say, I kept it for five years. Then I gave it up.

Luckily the reservoir was well stocked. Good days, like the little girl, were very, very good and the bad ones correspondingly horrid. The wide contrasts were astonishing. But both types were useful for experimental purposes. On a good day trout would be so plentiful that one could afford to indulge in genuine research. Only three of us fished it, 180 acres and full of trout up to four pounds, and none of us was of the type they call a ‘killer.’ On bad days one simply *had* to experiment; and experiment pretty thoroughly too.

Some of our efforts must have appeared decidedly novel to the trout, if any ever took much notice of them, which I doubt.

Our earlier methods were orthodox enough. The reservoir had been formed merely by throwing a dam across one part of a narrow valley and the water allowed to collect behind it. The two sides and top were left in their natural state. It was like a big pool on a river, and we fished it as such. As it gradually filled up, taking on more and more the semblance of a lake, we altered our flies accordingly. But still in the orthodox way; a little livelier pattern, perhaps, and a shade larger. Catalogues were studied—what did they use on Loch Leven? We went by what the books said and were content.

For a time!

The bad days began to grow more frequent. The water was rising fairly steadily and covering fresh ground. Doubtless the fish were feeding on the countless grubs and worms dislodged in this way. At all events, the ordinary flies, fished in the usual way—or perhaps I should say in *our* usual way—seemed unattractive. Frequent changes of pattern, too, proved unavailing. It was purely by accident that I found out what, for that time at least, was wrong.

Always we had 'worked' our flies a little; casting out and then drawing them towards us with sundry waggles of the rod top which were fondly presumed to give a lifelike movement to the lures. For three solid hours one night I had done this without response of any sort. Then, just as I was lifting my line clear for a fresh cast, I saw a sudden golden flash and a really heart-quickenning swirl. Naturally my flies, with the accelerated motion imparted to them by the action of picking the line off the surface for the backward cast, must have been almost swishing through the

water for the last couple of yards or so. It was while they were doing this that the fish came. Luckily I missed him. With the sudden application of force I had given to the rod at that particular moment a check would have been fatal.

Of course I cast for him again, shortening line, and drawing my flies gently over where he had been. No response ; and there could have been no cavil at the soft and delicate way I picked my line off this time. I made no disturbance whatever. A dozen times more I cast for him and then, with the remark customary to the occasion, I gave him up. Disgusted, I fished the last cast out and jerked, carelessly once more, the line clear. My three flies skittered splashily across the surface, creating as much disturbance as a bevy of young ducks. And once more I saw that quick golden gleam. He took the tail fly as it passed—I don't suppose he had time to reach the others, they were moving so fast—and the sudden shock bent the rod almost double. I was startled almost out of my wits ; but I got him. A good fish too, well over two pounds.

It took me quite a while to thoroughly learn the lesson. I would fish on and on, these bad days, in the old way until some similar incident happened and then I would remember. Sometimes I was reminded by a sudden pluck as my flies were trailing disconsolately behind me while I walked round some little bay ; a bay which, by the way, I would have fished out thoroughly during the preceding five minutes ; keeping down out of sight, dropping my flies gently, doing everything right. Then, when I had been walking carelessly and openly along the bank, with a dozen yards of line trailing loosely after me and the flies wagging about on the surface, a trout would rise, and actually hook himself.

But I learnt in time, and when orthodox methods failed I would often get fish after fish by fairly swishing my flies

through the water, jerking them here and there as fast as my line would allow me. I got further proof of the importance of this speed factor. Several times when I was actually playing a fish, while he was excitedly dashing about all over the place, a second trout would take one of the other flies and there would be two on at the same time. On four occasions I have actually got three.

Now those loose flies must have been moving very quickly indeed ; I myself must have been in full view ; and the water, what with the sundry leaps and rushes of the first fish, thoroughly disturbed.

It is worth trying, sometimes. Even after two thousand days of intimate contact with one particular lot of trout, I have to add that 'sometimes.'

I found the system worked occasionally with minnow, too. Some inanimate things are positively malignant, but surely there can be nothing quite so diabolic as a kinked spinning line ! However, I did once manage to acquire some slight control over an Illingworth reel and I put in a deal of work with it. For hours, some days, I would spin, gallantly fighting off a despair which steadily deepened, and then, one among a series of unpleasant incidents, my tail triangle would happen to catch up round the cast. The minnow would come skittering backwards way first along the top of the water, creating what seemed to me a remarkable disturbance for so small an object and leaving a wake behind it like a destroyer's. Into this wake would leap fish after fish, just missing the minnow, and all apparently wildly excited at the unusual phenomenon—nearly as excited as I was !

By fiddling about with the fins of my spinner I found that I could produce this eccentric movement intentionally. So when the orthodox underwater methods failed I used to

try this. It too worked, again sometimes. But I am convinced that on occasion I got fish when otherwise I should not have done so.

Apropos of spinning : I was very puzzled at one time at the number of 'plucks' I got underwater. They were just plucks, but quite firm and distinct and unmistakably from fish. The flights were never disturbed or the minnow apparently touched. I was at a loss to account for this until one day, in very clear water and fishing from a rather high bank where I could see well out, I actually saw a trout dash for and take one of the little swivels on my line, a full yard away up the cast from the minnow. The same savage pluck I had come to know so well was communicated up the line. Twice more, near the same place, though probably not by the same fish, I saw this happen and the mystery of my 'missed' fish was explained.

The same thing has happened with the tiny leaden weights sometimes affixed to the line to assist in casting. I have seen fish take these too. So it was a simple step, even for me, from this to making up a few lead devons, as small as possible. They worked as well as, I think better than, most other devons ; but in spite of plucks and everything, a natural dead minnow has paid best.

One gets these 'plucks' with fly, too ; though of course not by any means so distinctly felt. I found out what was happening there as well. The fish were rising at the fly, were suspicious, and to make sure they merely lipped the two or three long strands of feather which imitated the fly's tail and pulled the whole lot under to examine at their leisure. Of course the thin strands could not stand this sort of thing for long, and the result was that they were either pulled clean out or snapped off. Fly after fly I found had been thus maltreated. I fished them without tails, but

I soon discovered that these appendages were important. I got few rises to the mutilated imitations. Incidentally I might mention here that we all three found that bright yellow tails—yellow, not orange—proved far and away the most attractive, irrespective of what the actual pattern of fly was they were meant to adorn.

The most important thing I found out about flies was size. I got this information at second hand. Out of the thousand-odd Irish navvies employed on the construction of the reservoir it was only to be expected that one or two should know most of what there was to know about poaching. One of these likeable rascals—'Sligo,' they called him; his proper names, which do not matter here, were more Irish still—was often to be seen sitting by the bankside on an evening. He would rise as I approached and shyly enter into conversation. His was a winning personality. He had the right word of sympathy just when it was wanted. 'Faith, sorr,' he would say in his delicately flavoured brogue, 'but you nearly had 'um. He came short. Och no, 'twas not your honour's fault at all at all. He came short, he did. 'Tis the devil.' And this in spite of the rod having been almost jerked out of my hand! A courteous race.

'Sligo' had apparently learnt all about infiltration methods. He wormed his way in inconspicuously. From occasional, and seemingly accidental encounters lasting but a minute or two, his visits grew in frequency until they had become a habit and I saw him almost every night. He never presumed, and was always there to help. He had an uncanny skill in unravelling tangled casts—and in those days I suffered much from tangled casts; some of them looked like windswept cobwebs by the time I had done with them. But 'Sligo,' with sundry shakes and coaxings, would have

them right in no time. 'Tis the practice maybe I've had picking oakum,' he would explain with a grin as I congratulated him. 'Tis the devil.' Everything was 'the devil' with 'Sligo.'

We had a boat then ; a crazy old tub with only half one gunwhale and hardly any bottom. One had to bale after every half-dozen casts and, out alone, if one got busy with a two- or three-pounder which proved at all refractory—well, it was touch and go. It certainly added to the excitement, for the reservoir was 150 feet deep and the third of a mile across.

'Sligo' sometimes rowed. He did it very well, too. But when things were quiet, with no rises to be seen and I was perforce using what he called 'by guess and by God' methods, he would be apt to doze. Occasionally he would be roused by the sound of a fish leaping close to the boat and, with his eyes staring all about him, would yell excitedly, 'Strike 'um, strike 'um !' regardless of the fact that the strike had been made some time before. He would grin sheepishly at the discovery, and then suddenly finding the water over our ankles, begin to bale furiously. We used an enamel mug, holding about a pint, for the job, and in his agitation—'Sligo' could not swim at all—this new and pressing occupation would keep him busy until I had time to get my fish properly under some degree of what passed with me as control and ready for the net. 'Sligo' netted everything, big or little, with a whoop of triumph ; his great, splendid laugh reverberating across the water like a jovial thunderstorm. 'Och, 'tis the grand fish he is,' he would shout, 'the grand fish. He took the Pether Ross, he did. He rose twice at it ; I saw him. 'Tis the devil.'

Always he was on to me to use bigger flies. Usually I fished with sizes three and four, sometimes five or six.

'Sligo' scoffed at these. 'Tis bigger ones ye need, sorr, for the big chaps, bigger ones.' So I dressed some bigger ones, sizes eight and nine. These too he rather deprecated. And then, one evening, I came across a few old salmon flies. For a joke I stripped one and redressed it in his favourite hackle style. By the time I had finished it looked like the end of a flue-brush. But my joke fell flat. 'Sligo' was in ecstasies. 'That's the thing, sorr,' he cried, 'that's the thing. We'll put it on and we'll get some fish.'

We did too. The sky was still fairly bright, but from the first I got interested swirls. As dusk fell these gave place to genuine rises, and when the late feed came on, just on the edge of dark, I got a basketful to this huge, unwieldy lure. My two droppers, though they too were of a fair size, were ignored. The trout seemed to want this great woolly monstrosity and nothing else.

I had tried bustards, of course, many times before, but with only moderate success. Probably I had not made them large enough. This thing was three times the size; but whatever they actually took it for, it proved great medicine.

The salmon hook was too heavy for the light rod I was using. As a compromise I made up various two- and three-hook tackles, smallish irons, twos and threes, dressed tandem-wise, with a few long, light hackles stretching back over the lot. Bodies I made of silver or gold tinsel, with a short hackle on each one. The lures would be perhaps two inches long in all, but they were very light and cast out easily. Towards dark, especially in moonlight, they proved deadly. It was weeks, however, before I got really used to the sight of them: they looked simply ridiculous for trout of any normal size. I used one as a tail fly, about a foot under the surface, and a second one—two yards above the other—as a

bob. This latter swam just underneath the surface, and with a shortish line could be made to skitter across it. The trout took either, sometimes one, sometimes the other. But whatever the lures represented in the eyes of the fish, I very early came to the conclusion that it was something that moved about rather snappily. The more erratically I 'worked' them, the more attention they got.

There was one weird concoction I made up, chiefly for 'Sligo's' moral benefit, I think. He had the æsthetic taste of a Hottentot, and I thought I would show him that colour was indeed, as Ruskin said, the greatest of God's gifts to man. It looked like one of the more exotic breeds of parrot by the time I had finished with it. It startled even 'Sligo.' 'Holy Biddy!' he exclaimed indelicately; and I thought it as good a name for the fly as any other. He allowed me to put it on without comment, standing back as though half-afraid it might sting him, and he still kept up this unusual reticence even as I began to fish.

Success was immediate. I never had such a time. It lasted for hours. Her feathers came off, but Biddy still went on her siren's way and trout after trout leapt gallantly to his ruin. Naturally our minds became unhinged. 'Sligo,' like Bottom's sucking dove, roared gently all the time, interspersing his ribald witticisms with steps of a solemn and intricate nature as each fish was grassed. I have a good working knowledge of adjectives, but I must confess that I was conversant with only a small percentage of those facetiously addressed to the fish, my fly, and the art of angling in general.

But the end must come, even to the best of times. Poor Biddy shed her last hackle, her last wisp of tinsel, and the game was over. 'Sligo' and I made our way slowly home through the darkness with our heads among the stars, talking

loftily of flies and catches and what we should do on the morrow when I had dressed some more.

We were still in this exalted state of mind when we began to fish next night. But 'Holy Biddy' had had her day. Hour after hour we went on, with never a gleam to raise the heart of us. The moon came up, silvering the ripples, and all around us we could hear big heavy trout splashing noisily among the shallows. Exciting rises, some of them almost at our feet. We fished on and on, loyal to the last to the fickle naiad who had forsaken us.

'Sligo,' mercurial as ever, listened coldly to my reasoned explanations. He put it all down to a cross-eyed cat he had met on the way down.

I never knew a man so full of strange beliefs and superstitions. Often during the quiet spells when, with pipes alight, we were lying at full length upon the fragrant grass at the waterside, he would tell me stories of his youth among the wilder parts of western Ireland. His tongue roamed wistfully over the lovely names of half-forgotten villages; telling me how, at one, he had himself both seen and heard the 'little people'; how, near another, a ghostly salmon swam about a haunted pool in the hope of luring some unhappy angler to his doom. He had the folk-lore of his country off by heart, and he did not hesitate to alter or embroider any story he thought in need of it. 'Sligo' had no puerile inhibitions of that sort. 'Tis the trut', he would asseverate indignantly when I happened to laugh. 'Sorra the word of a lie am I telling yez at all, at all.'

He spoke often of his own boyhood village. He was going back there some day, he said, to buy a certain little farm he knew. He scoffed at my suggestion that the place and people might have changed somewhat since his day. 'Faith no,' he said; 'it'll be the same as ever it was. Just

the same. Nothing ever changes in —. There were forty-one people there when I left and there'll be forty-one when I go back.'

'Oh, come, "Sligo,"' I remonstrated. 'What about all the youngsters who will have been born since and . . . ?'

'It'll be just the same,' he asserted easily. 'Just the same. Whenever there's a kid born in our village somebody runs away!'

They came all too frequently, these quiet spells, as the summer wore on. A fresh breeze might blow all day, and then towards evening it would gradually die away and the reservoir become flat calm. The midges would come out and make life a misery. No remedy I ever tried—citronella, lavender, a host of things—kept its efficacy for very long. The best thing I found was to smear myself thickly with cold cream, hands and neck and face. It was a filthy business, but it was better than the midges. 'Sligo' had his own preventative. He wore a dilapidated black felt bowler hat with the crown punched down, and into this cup-like depression he would place a handful of cotton waste which he had previously saturated with crude oil. A match to the waste and it caught fire. 'Sligo' would blow out the flame until he had merely a smoulder, and then back on to his head would go the decrepit billycock and its reeking burden.

I never managed to do much good when the midges were about. The whole reservoir would be ringed with rising fish, but they would seldom look at anything I put up. On the evenings when they were actually jumping out of the water I very early came to the conclusion that the best thing I could do was to pack up immediately and go back home. 'Knotted Midge' I tried, fished both dry and wet, and a host of other tiny patterns. But they were no use really.

Even when I did manage to hook a trout, almost invariably it was a little one.

I remember one particular visitation. I have never seen one like it. Actually I did not see this one, for it must have occurred during the night. But early the following morning, when I went on to the dam, I saw the men staring at a series of great dark patches which had appeared on the surface of the water and seeming to cover half the reservoir. Some of them would be three or four acres in extent. There was more of the scum fringing the banks. On going down to investigate I discovered the whole lot to consist of nothing else but myriads of dead and dying midges. The masses were packed solid, a foot or more in thickness. They could be lifted by the shovelful. Every bay and inlet was choked by them, and a yard-wide, foot-thick fringe ran completely round the water's edge—three miles of it. The water, luckily, was not being used for service purposes, for when decomposition set in the whole place stank abominably. Millions upon millions, there must have been.

Funnily enough the trout left them severely alone. We could see fish rising in the open spaces between the patches, but there were none elsewhere, even on the outskirts. I was surprised at this. It was not as though the midges were all dead, and thus unattractive; up to eight or nine o'clock most of those constituting at least the upper layers appeared to be alive, though quite incapable of flight. But the trout gave them a wide berth for some reason or other. I think that actually the fish were as glad to see the end of them as we were.

But not all calms were unproductive. I had some good fun with what are technically known, I believe, as 'cruisers.' These stately individualists generally have a regular 'beat,' starting off perhaps from some wall-corner, or other point,

and moving slowly out to a certain spot forty or fifty yards towards the middle. From there they will circle round on the reverse beat and end up at their starting-point. Over and over again they do this, keeping to a regular path and rising at everything of interest which they happen to come across *en route*. One can lie in wait for these conservative old die-hards. Five minutes' observation of the frequent rises gives one a fairly accurate idea of any particular circuit, and from this it is an easy matter to drop one's fly somewhere directly in line ahead of him. The lure must be kept quite still, a black dot on the surface of the water, and the feeling of blissful terror as the rises come nearer and nearer is something I never quite got over—or wished to. The last few seconds were awful. My flesh crawled. There would come a rise only perhaps three yards away from my fly—one could see him—and then . . . a wavering bulge in the water . . . a dark shape looming up . . . a great white mouth slowly opening . . . oh, it was fierce !

These sharply defined routes rather interested me in themselves. Some there were which were always in use. I would catch the occupant of one, and half an hour afterwards find that another 'cruiser' had come up out of the depths and was working precisely the same beat, out and home, as his predecessor. There were several of these very definitely preferred orbits. Similarly, there were odd places, little sharply circumscribed spots off shore, where one could always depend upon a trout if there were anything of a 'rise' on at all. Fish after fish could be taken, one after the other at fairly short intervals of time, from these particular places, areas perhaps only a yard or so square. As one trout left another took possession.

I was puzzled why this should be so ; why some little bays, for instance, should always be occupied and others

only occasionally so ; why the trout should so definitely prefer one cruising route to another.

An accident to one of the outlet valves of the reservoir gave me a chance to investigate. We had to run off seventy feet of water, and this of course left wide stretches of the bed of the lake exposed. All round the margin there would be a belt of bare ground, varying from twenty to a hundred yards or more in width, which up to then had been covered by the water. I knew all the positions, almost to a hair's breadth, where the trout had lain, and naturally I went to see if any light could be thrown upon the reason why.

In every case I found a little patch of sand. The normal bed of the reservoir seemed to consist of mud and clay, but at all the well-known 'trouty' spots there was a patch of sand. The 'cruisers' had worked along different belts of it, more or less narrow strips running out from the wall corners, and in four or five cases following what had once been portions of the old packhorse road which at one time had run up the dale. Bubbling springs had caused some of the deposits, erosion of the freestone walls and rocks by wave action many of the others. The best bays had a sandy bottom, the less-frequented ones just the usual dead-looking clay.

I suppose they were actually fly breeding places—the reservoir lay at too high an altitude for mayflies or insects of the type which lay their eggs on mud—and the fish were after the newly emerged nymphs. But whatever the reason, all the favourite places seemed to be sandy. And when the reservoir filled up again I remembered.

I wish I had remembered other things equally well. At one place on the bank a long hurdle-like erection—a twenty-foot plank, fixed edgeways on two upright supports—had been fixed in the early surveying days to mark high-water

level. Later, this level had been altered ; the reservoir was heightened ten feet. The old board was never removed, and of course when the dam was finally filled, to the revised level, it was deeply submerged—well ten feet anyway ; safe enough for any passing minnow. But when the level of the water happened to be some little way below the overflow marks—it was a different matter then ! I invariably forgot it. I would flick my minnow thirty or forty yards out towards the middle and cheerfully start to wind in. Half-way home there would come a sudden check. A fish ? No, too still and unresponsive for a fish. And then I would remember. That long board must have been festooned like a gamekeeper's gibbet by the end of the season.

Mention of this reminds me of one of the biggest thrills I ever got in my life. One evening I had just got down to the waterside when I saw what looked like a good fish rise close to the side of a near-by wall running down into the water. My rod was up, and I cast for him. He took it at once, and judging by the speed at which he dived my fly might have been dynamite. He streaked for the foot of that wall like a homing pigeon. I put on all the strain I dared, but I could not hold him, and a moment or two afterwards my line, still taut, became stationary. Nothing I could do seemed to move it in the slightest. 'Caught up in the stones !' I thought ; 'another fly gone !' I jerked my rod again in a last forlorn effort, but it was of no use and I put it down preparatory to tugging on the line by hand until either the fly came off or the gut cast snapped. I was just on the point of reaching out for the line when I saw it begin to move slowly out from the wall. Frenziedly I grabbed the rod again and established contact. I put pressure on, all the pressure I dared, but it seemed to have plaguey little effect. He kept deep down, just moving, ever so slowly, across the

bay. Frequently he would stop entirely; and my rod, bent almost double, seemed quite incapable of stirring him. He lay there, quite immovable, apparently by virtue of his own weight. A dozen times I thought I must be fast in the bottom, but always just as I was giving up hope, my line would begin to move again and I could feel him tugging. I began to think that I must have hooked the grandfather of all trout.

But, whatever I did, I could not get on terms with him. He kept down, down, down; and at last I came to the conclusion that the light rod I was using was of no earthly use to tackle a monster of this size. If I ever wanted to get him in, the only thing was to try to hand-line him. At the end of a further five minutes I had gathered up sufficient nerve to try it. I put down my rod and very gingerly laid hold of the line. I began to pull, gently at first, and then more firmly. I felt him move; felt him coming in. He seemed big and long and heavy but, strangely enough, with very little fight about him. Soon I had him within ten yards, five, and then into the shallower water underneath the bank and I could see what I had got. My fish was there all right, a trout of about a pound and a half, and he was caught up short alongside a sodden piece of fence railing almost a yard long. It must have been lying on the bottom, resting on the stones dislodged from the wall, and the trout's first dive had evidently taken him underneath it. Two of his subsequent dashes had wrapped the cast round it again, twice, and there he was, fast. His strength had been just sufficient to move the rail off the bottom a little and then, exhausted, he had had to stop a while. And of course it was just so much dead weight to my rod then.

A pound and a half! If that line had snapped, especially towards the end, I should have gone straight back home and

told everybody that I had just lost a fish which weighed eight pounds. And I should have believed it, too !

But there were thrills a-plenty, one way and another. I got a thrill from a minnow cast once. Someone had told me to use a thinner thread-line on my reel—I should be able to cast twice as far with it. So, in my trustful way I ordered one, of gut-substitute. I got it on to my reel—at last—and took up my stance.

Except for one thing, that first cast was the finest I ever saw in my life. The minnow, with its half-ounce lead, went up and up, out and away, sailing along a trajectory of peerless beauty, on and on, almost out of sight. I watched it, fascinated. Two hundred yards it must have gone. It would have been a record if only it had taken the line with it.

But minnow fishing is always exciting. In a lake there is no knowing what might get hold ; and to feel some great, heavy, unseen creature, fifty yards away, deep down under the surface, tug-tug-tugging at the end of a line no thicker than the finest hair—three pounds—four—five ?—what a thrill there is in that ! And then perhaps to see the water suddenly burst wide open and a huge golden body shoot up and up into the air and go tearing across the surface like a speedboat in a sea. . . .

They terrified me, some of those fish.

Some of them ? They *all* did, on either fly or minnow. A duffer's paradise, forsooth !

BY THE WAY.

I HAD been neither reading with close attention nor dwelling in thought upon the recent theatrical performance in Rome, but the mind is wayward, and so it befell that one night in dream I stood with a vast crowd outside a station in the Eternal City awaiting the arrival of the Führer. A triumphal archway had been erected, closed till the great moment with a panel on which his portrait was painted : that was to open and reveal the great man himself. Shortly before he was due, when excited anticipation was rising to its height, his staff appeared beside—not *through*—the archway : among them was one Colonel Schacht, a tall, gaunt man with a huge moustache and this peculiarity, that he was of English extraction, and he was accompanied by his dog. That immediately fell foul of the numerous Roman dogs amongst the waiting crowd : there was a regular canine hullabaloo which attracted considerable attention. Colonel Schacht was individual enough to be concerned only that his dog should not have received injury among the many Roman assailants. Just as the barking and confusion and distraction of the crowd were all at their height the panel flew open, and in the space stood the Führer—without his moustache ! That was to have been the supreme surprise of the historic visit, but owing to the dog-fight it fell rather flat. The Führer was not unnaturally vexed and remarked in anger that that was all that could have been expected from a man of English extraction. And on that I awoke to the quiet of an English dawn.

Can no modern Daniel show the interpretation ? But I forget : the dreamer was not in this instance King Belshazzar : and we can all, it may be, go to sleep again.

★ ★ ★

So it is now established, and by a Conservative Prime Minister too, as the recognized practice of our Constitution that whenever a Department of State becomes of real importance in the life of the nation (and there is surely no justification for its existence at all if it is not) the head of it—and, it is apparently to be assumed, his deputy also—must be a member of the House of Commons, 'to answer his critics in person.' That this practice not only necessitates in a Minister the strength of an ox, a quality which does not invariably go with intelligence, to have his administration of any pressing piece of business interrupted daily from 3.15 p.m. to 11 p.m., but also completely destroys the authority of the Second Chamber, does not yet seem to have been thought worthy of even so much as comment. A very definite step forward (or backward, according to taste) to single chamber government.

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The dish of criticism can, when flavoured with modern sauce, be extremely piquant. A recent review of the *None-such Milton* by a well-known writer contained the following reference to 'Paradise Lost': 'No unprejudiced critic,' wrote this learned man, 'can defend the vast tracts of dull and involved rhetoric which give the poem its epic bulk. In detail, too, the poetic style or diction, with its invasions, latinities, and obscure allusions, cannot but be regarded as a sluggish backwater in the swift and clear stream of English poetry. But the poem has many virtues to outbalance these defects.' Poor Milton—and yet does the cathedral, I wonder, really lose any of its grandeur by reason of the jackdaws that wheel and caw about its pinnacles?

* * *

Sweet are the uses of advertisement—the other day a man of but limited means received a circular which began, 'Since

your yacht is well over the forty tons standard required by Customs regulations, when bound for a foreign port, you can purchase your wines and spirits duty free.' A pleasant suggestion, to which only one comment can be appended: the purchase of a large yacht, as a condition precedent, seems rather an expensive way of getting a cheap drink. One might similarly offer a man a driving licence at a reduced rate, provided that he first bought a car to drive.

* * *

It has happened more than once that a man's reputation has been but ill served by the publication after his death of reminiscences intended to add to it: the case of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson comes readily to mind. In another field and degree I feel inclined to concur with Mr. Conal O'Riordan, who has written that if the author had lived he would never have dreamt of publishing *The Childhood of Edward Thomas: A Fragment of Autobiography* (Faber, 6s. net). Much in it will come as something of a shock to those who have grown greatly attached to Thomas's delicate little poems of country life: it is strange indeed that the man who wrote them could not only have put broken nibs into a horse's food to revenge himself upon the coachman but years afterwards relate such an act of barbarity without a single word of self-condemnation, and this is not a solitary instance. The fragment has much psychological interest, and yet lovers of the life-work of Edward Thomas will wish that it had never been given them.

* * *

Mr. Conal O'Riordan is, however, before us as something more than an occasional commentator. He has now brought to an end his great work of fiction, the life story of David Quinn, in a successor to *Soldier's Wife* entitled *Soldier's End* (Arrowsmith, 8s. 6d. n.). I use the words 'great work of

fiction' deliberately. It is one of the oddities of literature, it has been so in all ages and certainly is in this, that those who gain the biggest prizes in their own day are seldom those who are awarded them in the days that succeed: Mr. O'Riordan has been writing novels and plays for many a year, but even so he has not yet come into his own, he is not numbered amongst those who a year or so ago were casually called in literary circles 'the big three.' And yet it is certain, or at any rate as certain as such forecasts ever are likely to be, that he will hereafter be read with attention and appreciation by a widening circle when the work of many, to-day more popular, will be forgotten. He has a sense of character and a sense of continuity, he has knowledge and humanity, he has (as has been observed before) both detachment and intimacy, he has tenderness and he has technique—all these rare gifts are here displayed in this long, fine, concluding narrative of one who is endeared to all who have followed his fortunes.

With this may well be put Mr. Stephen Gwynn's *Dublin Old and New* (Harrap, 12s. 6d. n.). Mr. O'Riordan takes us to London, Washington, and Paris, but it is Dublin most of all which lives again; and to Dublin, 'the compendium of Ireland' as he calls it, there could be no better guide than Mr. Gwynn—though he gives his readers rather an explanation and examination of Dublin yesterday and to-day than all the long and peculiar history of the great and ancient city. And the illustrations are many and varied.

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It is difficult properly to appraise here Mr. Herbert Palmer's *Post-Victorian Poetry* (Dent, 12s. 6d. n.), and for two reasons: first, that, as readers of CORNHILL will recognize, more than one of its chapters were first published in these pages—a testimony, let it be hoped, to their authority, interest, and

excellence ; and, secondly, that it is hard, perhaps impossible, to comment dispassionately upon the work of one who has passed one's own work in review. Mr. Palmer is truly catholic : he takes within his survey everyone, or practically everyone, of recent times within these islands who has written, or seriously tried to write, poetry ; the known and the almost unknown, the famous and the notorious, all are dealt with here. This doubtless adds much to the value of such a survey, it also has its dangers ; and it would seem that Mr. Palmer, because of the width of his reading, is a little unduly inclined to attribute affinities or to find sources of influence which are not in all cases justified. And he is apt to admire with a glowing generosity poems which are, perhaps, of less account than others which seem to be more deserving. But that is, after all, no more than to say that his judgment is individual. Certain it is that no one, interested in the poetic work, or even the poetical endeavours, of the present time, can avoid to neglect this volume. Even those who agree least with the judgments will learn much from them, and as Mr. Palmer himself says : ' The future has a very odd way of reversing the judgments of the present.'

Besides this book of criticism stands the admirable third series of *Poems of To-day* (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.), compiled by the English Association. Equipped by a study of these two, anyone should be able to pass with honours even a stiff examination as to recent poetry, from the ' traditionists ' to the ' Dadaists '—if he so chooses. They are all (or nearly all) in both—though in both the latter type receive the most attention, by Mr. Palmer for onslaught, by the English Association for selection.

* * *

In this hurrying age, when so much of our reading is

done in digests and extracts and headlines, it is surprising that collections of short stories, or tales, have not been more popular: everybody who reads at all has times too short for a long connected sitting, and there is also for many the need of a literary night-cap. Good anthologies of stories are none too many: Mr. E. W. Martin's *Parade of Time* (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d. n.) is to be welcomed: he has collected together fifteen examples of historical fiction, from Stanley Weyman and Joseph Conrad to Wallace B. Nichols and D. K. Broster, from days of Roman slave-buying to the retreat from Moscow, chronically arranged. Good fare.

* * *

'Italy had become for me,' writes Walter Starkie in his prologue to his Italian autobiography, *The Waveless Plain* (Murray, 12s. 6d. n.), 'as for many of my countrymen in the past, a flowering isle creating in my mind deep melodies and the love which heals all strife.' In spite of Abyssinia—which the author visited during the operations by permission of the Italian authorities—that is still largely true of most English people, and those who remember the Raggle-Taggle books will know that in following Walter Starkie they will not be treated to heaviness of political controversy but to the 'deep melodies' and, still more, to all the gay tunes and the lilting music of a roving, adventurous, unconventional and exceptionally companionable mind. Dr. Starkie has known Italy all his life, and here he sets down his memories of it, with a wealth of anecdote and graphic incident, vivacious always and with a deeper note besides, making of it all a volume which is at once an account of himself, of a country, and of a period of history, all three of which have their abiding interest.

G.

THE 'CORNHILL' COMPETITION.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 177.

PRIZES of books to the value of £1, from John Murray's catalogue, are offered to the two solvers whose letters are first opened. Answers, containing the coupon from page iv, must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1, and must reach him by 26th February.

"Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death," I said. But there

The ——— rang—"Not Death, but Love."

1. 'And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant ——— ;'
2. 'From tree-tops where tired winds are fain
Spent with the vast and howling main,
To treasure half their ———.'
3. 'The ——— and roses were all awake
They sighed for the dawn and thee.'
4. 'Aught but weeds and waving grasses
To ——— the river as it passes.'
5. 'Prince Memnon's sister might beseech,
Or that Starr'd ——— Queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above'
6. 'Wouldst thou hear what Man say
In a little? ———, stay.'

Answer to Acrostic 175, May number: 'In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn, Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn' (Tennyson: 'Mariana'). 1. SecretS (Keats: 'Ode to Psyche'). 2. LifE (Landor: 'Finis'). 3. ErewhilE (Andrew Marvell: 'A Garden'). 4. ElM(s) (Gray's Elegy). 5. ParteD (Byron: 'When we Two parted').

The first correct answers opened were sent by Miss L. Polglase, Minalto, Alex Road, Penzance, and Miss L. F. Goodfellow, 13 Lea Road, Beckenham, Kent, who are invited to choose books as mentioned above. N.B.—Sources need not be given.

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